

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

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HIDDEN WINGS.

BY MARGARET LYON.

"Ugh!" said Aunt Lucy, stepping back a pace or two, and drawing her garments aside, while an expression of disgust came over her face; "what a horrid object!"

The object which had so excited Aunt Lucy was a little girl about six years old, whom Margaret, our cook, had found sitting in the area. She was leading her in by the hand.

I turned, at Aunt Lucy's exclamation, and saw the child. She was, certainly, not beautiful; very far from it, actually repulsive. Her clothes were ragged and dirty, her feet bare, and covered with mud. Her face might have been washed within a month, but that was rather doubtful. As for her hair, the time of its last acquaintance with a comb might be set down as entirely problematical. Yes, the child was repulsive in every way.

"What on earth did you bring that creature in here for?" inquired Aunt Lucy, speaking to Margaret.

"She is a poor lone little body," replied the cook, in a sympathetic way "wet and hungry, and I thought I'd just give her a bite, and let her warm herself. Nobody'll be any the worse for it, I'm sure."

I felt the force of Margaret's closing remark, and said,

"True enough, nobody'll be the worse off for an act of kindness. Let her sit down and dry her wet clothes, and if she's hungry, give her something to eat." The little thing looked at me gratefully and shrank toward the fire. It was June, but a north-easterly storm had

been blowing for the past two days. The sky was full of rain, and the air chilly as November. Feeling certain that the poor child would be well cared for by my kind-hearted cook, I left the kitchen accompanied by Aunt Lucy.

"A very imp of ugliness!" exclaimed Aunt Lucy, as we entered our pleasant sitting-room, the walls of which were hung with pictures, the mantel ornamented with rich vases, while objects of taste and luxury crowded the apartment. One of these was an exquisite statuette, representing a child asleep among flowers. Certainly, nothing could have been in stronger contrast than the kitchen we had just left, with the living child there, and our elegant sitting-room, with this sculptured form of innocence and beauty.

"Only the outside, Aunt Lucy," said I; "the hard, coarse, unlovely husk. There are germs of beauty beneath all that."

"Beauty! Pah!" Aunt Lucy's face was not very charming as she said this. The beauty of her soul was veiled for the moment.

I tried to talk with her about the innocence of childhood. "Unlovely as that poor creature is in your eyes," said I, "there are beneath the surface, hidden away from your view and mine, the elements of which angelic life is formed. There is a human soul there; wonderful and mysterious thing, with its almost infinite amount of capabilities!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Aunt Lucy, "don't get-away off there out of my reach, with your

infinite capabilities, and all that. It takes you to see angels in dirty beggar girls. But my eyes were never so sharp sighted."

"There may be things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in your philosophy," said I.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Aunt Lucy, in a half-amused, half-vexed manner. "I'd be a very wise woman if that wasn't so. I don't pretend to know much about what I can't see. Eyes are very convenient things, and I reckon I've got a pair sharp enough for all practical purposes. Seeing is believing."

I gave Aunt Lucy a pleasant smile and left the room, feeling interest enough in the "horrid object," as my relative had called the beggar-girl in the kitchen. Descending to Margaret's domain, I found the child sitting before the fire, a large slice of bread in her hand, which she was eating with the keen relish of hunger.

"Where do you live?" I asked, in a kind voice.

"I don't live nowhere, now," was replied, in a tone that touched my feelings.

"Don't live anywhere!" my voice expressed surprise. "How is that?"

"I lived with old Mrs. Kline before sister died, but she says I shant stay there any longer."

"Where is your mother?"

"I haven't got any mother," she answered, lifting her eyes to mine. There was a low quiver in her voice, falling almost to a sob, as she uttered the word "mother." My interest was increasing.

"No mother?" I looked at her with pity in my heart.

"No, ma'am," was her simple reply.

"Your mother is dead?"

"Yes, ma'am. She died a great while ago, when I was only a little baby. Mrs. Kline took sister and me. Jane worked for her until she got sick; then Mrs. Kline was cross, and said she'd send her to the poor house. But she didn't, and sister died."

The child sobbed again, and tears ran over her soiled and homely face.

"When did your sister die?" I asked.

"Last week, ma'am."

"And Mrs. Kline wont let you live with her any longer?"

"No, ma'am."

"When did she send you away?"

"She sent me away yesterday."

"Yesterday! And where have you been since yesterday?"

"A woman let me sleep on the floor last

night, but said I mustn't come there any more; if I did she'd send me to the station-house."

"Poor thing!" said I, pityingly, speaking to myself. "This is indeed a cruel lot for one of such tender years. What hope is there for a child thus abandoned—thus thrust out and left to the mercies of a hard and selfish world?"

I believed the little one's story. Though unlovely in aspect; in fact, dirty and repulsive to the sight, there was truth in her tone and manner. She was not deceiving me. I had a duty to perform, and saw it clearly. God's providence is over all his children; the humblest, the poorest, the meanest, not even a sparrow falls unnoticed to the ground. I felt that He had laid upon me the duty of caring for this little one, whose soul was as precious in his eyes as the soul of one of my own dear children. The case was plain. I could not shut my eyes and turn away, and yet be innocent.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, again speaking to the child. I wished to see what was in her thoughts, if, indeed, she had any thought about the future.

"I don't know ma'am," she answered, with a perplexed look. "I suppose I'll have to beg."

"Haven't you any better clothes than these?"

"No, ma'am," she replied, looking down at her miserable garments.

I stood musing for a little while, turning over in my thoughts what was best to be done. The decision was soon made.

"Margaret," said I, "take her up to the bath room and wash her thoroughly. I will find something better for her to put on; and Margaret," I added, as I was leaving the kitchen, "I think you had better cut that hair off pretty close."

Margaret said "yes, ma'am," with a hearty good will, that showed her feelings to be as much interested as mine. So I left the kitchen and went up stairs to look through my drawer for some suitable garments to replace the filthy rags I had directed to have removed. I found what I required, and leaving them in the bath-room returned to Aunt Lucy.

Now my relative was something of a character in her way. A very literalist in her modes of interpreting the common events and common aspects of life. She usually judged of people as she saw them on the outside. "It's no use," she would often say, to be worrying yourself about what's in people, if they don't choose to talk it out and let you see what they think and feel. Show me what they do, and I'll get at their quality, fast enough."

All this was very sensible, of course, but it meant less as uttered by Aunt Lucy than if it had been said by some other person. She thought herself very shrewd and sharp, while I thought her shrewdness and sharpness often led her to forget the dictates of humanity. But she had her good points, and among these was a scorn of deceit and pretension.

"I've done many good deeds in my time," was one of her common remarks, "and have helped lots of people in distress; put faith in beggars through the whole range of halt, lame, and blind, and came out cheated in the end. There is no virtue in the tribe. When a man, woman, or child sets up to live on alms, that moment he or she ceases to be truly honest. There is only one fair way to make a living in this world, and that is to labor for it; your vagrants should be sent to the work-house."

"Where have you been?" said Aunt Lucy, as I came into the sitting-room. She looked on me sharply and curiously; at the same time there was a little dropping of the under lip, and the appearance of an amused smile lurking about the corners of her mouth.

"In the kitchen," I replied, trying to retain the gravity of my countenance, for I saw what was in her thoughts.

"Looking after that inward beauty you talked about a little while ago." Aunt Lucy glanced at me quizzically.

"Margaret is washing off the dirt," I replied, laughing; "after a while I will go and see what she has found beneath. The fair, pure skin of a tender child, I guess."

"Now, you do beat all," exclaimed Aunt Lucy. "You don't say that Margaret's got that little wretch in the bath-tub?"

"Yes."

"Well, go your way, child! you'll be wiser one of these days. I suppose you intend dressing her up?"

"I shall try to make her decent and comfortable," said I.

"And how long do you suppose she'll keep so?" demanded Aunt Lucy; "I can tell you."

"How long?" I asked.

"About thirty minutes after she leaves your door; not a fraction of time longer."

"I don't understand you."

"Don't you? Then I will enlighten you a little. They'll strip the clothes from her the moment she gets home, and send her out in dirty rags again."

I smiled to myself, but did not answer.

"You don't believe it?"

"No," I answered, quietly.

"Well, please goodness! but you are credulous. I know the habits of these creatures better than all that."

I did not reply, but sat turning over in my mind the ways and means of rescuing this unfortunate child from the life of vagrancy to which she had seemed destined. There was an Asylum for orphan children in the neighborhood. I had passed it often, but never gave the institution any special thought. Now it assumed a just importance in my eyes. I determined to make a visit there this very day, and see upon what conditions its inmates were received.

In about half an hour Margaret came in with the metamorphosed child.

"Who is that?" asked Aunt Lucy, not recognizing, on the moment, the beggar girl she had been denouncing.

"What is your name?" I asked, taking the little one by the hand, and looking with rekindling interest into her homely face.

"Ellen," she replied.

"You saw her down stairs a little while ago," and I looked at Aunt Lucy.

"Oh! ah!"

My relation seemed a little bewildered.

"Take her down to the kitchen. I will be down after a while."

Margaret left the room.

"Wonderfully improved!" My aunt did not speak as if she were wonderfully pleased. "But, oh, dear! you can't make anything out of them. There's an old fable about washing a pig. They put on any quantity of soap and water, but it would not wash out the swine-nature. The pig was a pig still, and took kindly, after its release, to the next mud puddle. So it will be with your protégé. That impish little face tells the whole story."

"There is a human soul there," said I, seriously; "and the soul of a child is always beautiful. The face may be unlovely; the form ungainly, and the whole outward appearance repulsive. But hidden beneath all this are forms of exquisite grace and germs of the highest excellence."

But Aunt Lucy had no patience with me.

"Talk—all talk," she replied, "and waste words with me."

So I changed the subject to one on which we were likely to have no disagreement.

In the afternoon, the storm having cleared away, I dressed myself to go out, and made a visit to the Orphan Asylum. I was pleased with everything I saw there, and more pleased at being able to gain admission for the child,

whose destitute condition had awakened my interest.

About a week after this time Aunt Lucy and I were sitting near an open window, through which the soft, warm air of a bright summer day was pressing. Suddenly my Aunt started with an expression of shuddering disgust on her countenance, and pointing to the skirt of her dress, exclaimed :

"Ugh! just look at that horrid thing! Knock it off!"

I glanced down and saw a caterpillar. Aunt Lucy was quite excited about the harmless little creature; but I stooped, and holding my handkerchief close to her dress, gently removed it. As I raised up, I said, still looking at the unsightly animal,

"There is not much beauty here, certainly."

"Throw it out of the window!" exclaimed Aunt Lucy, her face still expressing strong disgust.

But I held the now motionless creature close to my eyes, and examined it curiously. It was nearly black, with rough protuberances all over the body. These were surmounted by thorny looking hairs, which gave it a spiteful and venomous aspect. If I had not been looking deeper than the surface I should have felt as great a repugnance to the animal as did Aunt Lucy. But I saw more than the simple larva.

"Why don't you throw it out of the window? It will bite or poison you!"

"No danger of that," I returned; "if not handsome, it is at least harmless, and carries in its bosom a world of beauty."

And saying this, I stepped into the garden, and plucking a few poplar leaves, brought them in and laid them upon the window-sill. Placing the caterpillar upon one of them, it commenced eating immediately, cutting away the tender pulp, and leaving bare the thread-like fibres.

"See here, Aunt Lucy," said I, "isn't this curious?"

"What?" and she came and stood looking over my shoulder. "What is curious?" she repeated.

"Just see how eagerly it devours that leaf."

"Humph! I don't see anything so strange in a caterpillar eating," replied my aunt, in a contemptuous way. "You can see that going on by the wholesale, out in the garden, at any time. Do kill the hateful thing!"

"No," said I, a new thought coming into my mind. "I'm going to watch its transformation."

"Its what?"

"Its change from ugliness to beauty," and taking up the leaf upon which it was feeding I carried it carefully from the room and up to my chamber, where I placed it in an open box. For two or three days I kept the greedy thing supplied with leaves, the soft portions of which it removed in the most perfect manner, leaving delicate fibrous skeletons—curious relics of its destructive work. On the third day it became sluggish and refused to eat. I then placed it in a small box perforated with holes to admit air, and left it to undergo that most wonderful of all changes which animated nature presents. On examining the box a few days afterward I found that my caterpillar had disappeared, but in its place was a compact silky mass. I could not but look upon this with feelings of astonishment and admiration. What strange instinct! what singular skill! The animal had woven for itself a winding sheet of exquisite fineness.

I did not show my cocoon to Aunt Lucy. I wanted to surprise her with something more—I wished to reveal to her the hidden wings, star-gemmed and rainbow-hued, which had been folded up in the body of that repulsive worm, the life of which she had asked me to crush out. There was a lesson in all this for me—a lesson for her also, if she would only read it. My hope was that the page would exhibit lucid truth for her eyes.

Daily I examined my crysalis for signs of the new birth. This was continued for more than a week, when, one morning, in lifting the edge of the lid carefully, I saw the glitter of painted wings. Without unclosing the box I carried it down to the sitting-room.

"I have something to show you, Aunt Lucy," said I, my face all aglow with pleasure.

"What is it?" she asked; "a new bracelet from your extravagant husband?"

"Something more beautiful and more wonderful than any bracelet ever formed by the hand of man," I replied.

"Well, what is it? Don't mystify me."

"I don't mean to. You remember the ugly caterpillar I took from your dress a week or two ago? Here it is," and I uncovered my box, when out flew a butterfly. Sailing gracefully across the room it alighted on a heliotrope that was blooming in the window, and sat there gently fanning its delicate wings, which were of a dark purplish color, dotted with blue spots and surrounded with a bright yellow border.

Aunt Lucy struck her hands together and exclaimed, "what a beauty! Why, it's a Mourning-cloak!" and she moved across the

room and stood looking at the insect admiringly.

"If I had killed the caterpillar you would never have seen this butterfly."

She turned, and looked at me inquiringly.

"Caterpillar! I don't understand you?"

"I told you there was beauty hidden in the repulsive creature. Delicate wings of exquisite texture and color folded up in that writhing little body."

"There now, child, do talk in plain common sense language! What do you mean?"

"Simply and plainly, that the worm I brushed from your dress was the larva of this Mourning-cloak. I fed the caterpillar on poplar leaves until it was ready for its change, then laid it in this box to spin its cocoon. You see here the silken envelope through which the insect has cut its way."

Aunt Lucy was taken by surprise. I improved the opportunity to say:

"There is a lesson for us here. We must not judge too hastily from what lies merely on the surface, whether of things or persons. There is an inner as well as an outer life; the unseen as well as the visible; and it is not always that the visible gives to common sight a true representation of the invisible. There are rudiments of a higher life than first manifests itself in every individual that is born. If there is so much loveliness hidden in a caterpillar, what may we not look for in a human soul? Two weeks ago there was a greedy, destructive worm, that fed itself on coarse bitter leaves with an insatiable appetite; but, now it has been transformed into an airy being that floats on the lightest zephyr, and sips honeyed nectar from flower-cups more exquisitely painted than china of Sevres."

I paused, and my aunt looked at me with the air of one in slight bewilderment.

"Two weeks ago," I continued, "a dirty little beggar-girl, repulsive enough to look upon, came to our door. I think you felt toward her very much as you felt toward the worm. You manifested the same disgust at her foul and unsightly aspect. I suggested that there might be something beneath the surface more attractive than met the eyes. But you saw only a vagrant on whom all kindness would be thrown away. I felt differently and thought differently. I looked below the surface and saw hidden wings destined, it might be, to unfold in spiritual atmospheres."

"I hope it may all come out so," replied Aunt Lucy, with something subdued in her manner; "but if you find any wings about

that creature you will make a wonderful discovery. She isn't the kind."

"Time will show," said I, as I pushed open the window and let my little prisoner float out into the garden.

Time passed on, and my good Aunt, who was not much wiser for the lesson I had endeavored to teach her, continued to judge of things in her old way. She did not forget the caterpillar and butterfly, however, nor my homely little protégé of the dirty face and ragged garments, slyly asking me now and then if I saw any signs of the "hidden wings." I must confess that after I had gained admission for the child in the Orphan Asylum, my interest for her abated. I had done all that common charity required me to do for the little outcast, and it is not surprising that the absorbing cares and duties of my home caused me to forget her almost entirely.

Aunt Lucy, who was my mother's sister, a spinster, and past the age of fifty, did not mellow and sweeten with advancing years. There were asperities in her character which the attrition of life failed to remove. Loneliness and some hard experiences had tended to narrow her thoughts into a small circle, and she grew more selfish and less kindly in her feelings toward others as she grew older. Her presence often threw discord into our family circle, and I had frequently to come between her and other members of our household, and soothe with kind words the feelings she had jarred.

It is ten years from that wet June day on which our story opens. Aunt Lucy is sick—hopelessly bed-ridden, and requiring almost constant attention. I had tried my best to make her comfortable, to win her thoughts away from herself, to inspire her with patience, to throw into her gloomy and complaining mind some rays of sunshine; but I failed utterly. She was peevish, dissatisfied, and always imagining herself neglected. The truth was, she had so little about her that was attractive, and so much of the repellent, that no one went to her room except in obedience to the voice of duty. At last my husband insisted upon our procuring a nurse, whose sole business should be to attend upon the invalid. A middle aged woman was obtained, but Aunt Lucy quarreled with her, and she threw up the situation in less than a week. Then another was found, but the result was the same; a third, and she left in three days. I was in despair.

Thus it was, when one day a plainly dressed

*A picture
of a cross
maid.*

girl between sixteen and seventeen years of age entered my sitting-room.

"You don't know me," she said, seeing I looked at her strangely.

"I do not," was my answer.

"My name is Ellen."

"Ellen? Ellen?" I said in an inquiring tone. The girl was a stranger to me. I had no recollection of ever having seen her.

"Don't you remember," she said, "the poor little girl you were kind to many years ago? I have been in the Asylum ever since."

I looked at her in surprise. I had scarcely thought of her for years.

"Are you that poor, forsaken little child?"

"I was, ma'am," she answered, with a tremor in her voice; "but thanks to your goodness, I am something better now. I must leave the Asylum, but I could not go without seeing you and telling you of the gratitude that is in my heart. I pray for you every day, ma'am, and ask God to bless you for your kindness to a friendless orphan."

I was deeply touched by this unexpected visit and acknowledgment. I arose, and taking her hand, looked into her plain, unattractive face, that was all alive with feeling, and said:

"And this is Ellen? Your thanks and gratitude are more than a double reward for that one act of kindness that cost me so little. And you are going to leave the Asylum?"

"Yes, ma'am; as soon as I can find a place."

"What do you intend doing?" I asked.

"I should like to get a place as chambermaid, or to do plain sewing."

I thought of Aunt Lucy, pushed the thought from my mind—thought of her again, and said:

"Could you undertake to nurse an old lady who is sick?"

"I am too young and inexperienced for that," she replied.

I looked down and mused for some time. It hardly seemed right to put one so young to such hard service as an attendant on Aunt Lucy. I had the girl in my power, bound by the strong chain of gratitude, and I was not generous enough to release her. So I told her of my sick relative, and my desire to procure a nurse; asked her to take the situation and gained her consent. On the next day she was an inmate of my family.

During the first two or three days Aunt Lucy was captious, ill-natured, fretful, and difficult to please; but Ellen's patience never wearied,

her feet never tired, her hands never hung down. She was kind, thoughtful, and gentle. I looked on, and now and then spoke a word of encouragement or excuse, but I found Ellen more ready even than myself with excuses for the unhappy, self-tormenting invalid.

"She is old and sick, and in pain, ma'am," Ellen would answer me, "and that is sad. I pity her too much to grow impatient. We must bear with the infirm and the suffering."

In the second week affairs in Aunt Lucy's room began to put on a new appearance. The old lady was softening—the hardness of her nature giving way. Sunshine had been around her for many days, and its warmth was penetrating the frozen surface of her heart. She complained less, was less fretful, easier to please, and had longer seasons of quiet and calmness.

One evening, in passing the door of her chamber, I heard Ellen reading aloud. The door stood slightly ajar, and I stopped to listen. Her tones were loud enough for me to hear distinctly. She was reading the twenty-third Psalm, beginning, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Every word of that beautiful Psalm was familiar to my ear; I had heard it read a hundred times—read by the preacher and read by the child. But never did its impressive language come to my heart with such a fullness of meaning as it came now, borne on the low, tender, reverent voice of that stranger-girl.

She paused at the last verse. There was stillness for a few moments. Then I heard Aunt Lucy say, in a mild, subdued tone—so mild and subdued that I hardly recognized it—

"Read on, child, it does me good."

And Ellen read on—

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

She went on to the close of that chapter, when she paused again.

There was another brief period of silence, when I heard Aunt Lucy say,

"Thank you, child; that will do. I shall sleep now."

I passed on noiselessly, my heart full, and new thoughts pressing into my mind.

"The wings are unfolding," I said, "the inner beauty revealing itself. Aunt Lucy, in her blindness, would have crushed the worm which, in its transformation, now gladdens her eyes with its beauty."

Shall I go on, reader? No! The lesson is

complete. Daily I observed Ellen, and saw that she was influenced by deep religious feelings. That there had been a birth of spiritual life in her soul, and that this life was putting on the outward forms of that true charity which not only suffereth long and is kind, but shows its heavenly origin in a faithful performance, from unselfish motives, of every known duty. I did not have to remind Aunt Lucy of the error she had committed; she saw it herself, and many times spoke, half sadly and half wonderingly, of the change which a few years had wrought.

"I would have spurned her once, as a thing offensive to the sight," she said to me one day, as her eyes followed Ellen from the room, "and now she has grown into an angel, and blesses me daily with her heavenly ministrations."

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. IV.

"A letter for you, Hattie," says a clear, manly voice. I reach out and hastily open the dainty envelope, and from its folds some pressed myrtle and a pure white flower drop out. "From Ella's grave." I read, and the sentence is tear-stained, and my tears fall too: Oh! the old stone house was so lonely, the rooms large and high, the walls of a sombre hue, the evergreens in front throwing out their branches wide, and darkening the windows, and the tall elms moaning in the breeze like the wailing of spirits never at rest. Not a brother or sister to play with me through infancy, no Prattling voice to beguile darkness of terror, no clasping arms around my neck when fearful dreams came with the midnight hour and left me sleepless, no little hand fast clasped to coax me into the dim forest paths, no merry laugh rippling with mine and awakening a hundred echoes, no child's tender heart to come to with all a child's little griefs, and find a listening ear.

Thus passed the years until my feet began to step out from childhood into girlhood paths, and then Ella came, the sweetest, brightest, dearest pet that ever gladdened a sister's heart. Her laughing eyes and merry smile filled the gloomy rooms with sunshine; her lisping words and pattering feet shut out the wailings of the old elm, and her soft, warm hand on my neck drove away the weird, invisible shadows that still came with the midnight hour; the world seemed changed, flooded with light and happiness and existence, a sweet draught that I

clung to with tenacious grasp, as if fearful of spilling one precious drop. Her playful ways, birdlike voice, quivering lip at grief of mine, her every action wove themselves into my very being, and she became my most on earth—my idol! How I watched her as time passed on, and every grace seemed nestling down into form and feature. Her step had the lightness of the fawn, with all the gracefulness of the swaying lily. Her small white hand, with each taper finger bedded beneath a dimple, ever won a second lingering glance, and her clear, soft eye, lighted up with the gems of her soul, seemed an unfathomable mine, where even the sage could gaze and never find satiety.

At eighteen, a strange new beauty came over her, and we almost trembled at the transformation. A dewy gentleness dwelt in each glance, and a softer intonation came to each word. The rose on her cheek faded and deepened like the shadows beneath the swaying maple, and she often forgot her work, and started like a culprit child when spoken to. A golden circlet, resting on her finger, told the tale that Ella loved and was beloved; and though with sobs of the heart that would not be stilled, which moaned, "we cannot part with her yet," our lips said, "it is well, for her chosen is worthy of even her."

One bright late September morning—I see it now—the woods all aglow with crimson, scarlet, and gold, which dripped down from the sunset tinted clouds, and caught up and spread out by the finger of frost, the river glowing like molten silver, and the sky blue and clear, freighted with argosies of snowy clouds—Ella, leaning on the arm of her lover, stepped out into the hall, ready for a pleasure trip to the mountain seen in the distance, and a return at nightfall.

"Why, sister," I pleaded, seeing her light cape and thin gaiters, "do take a shawl and some rubbers."

"This warm day, Hattie? I should as soon think of needing furs in July!"

"But the dew may fall ere you return. You had better take them," I urged.

"Oh! this cape will do," she replied, glancing down to the graceful folds, then looking up and meeting an admiring manly glance resting upon it and the little dainty gaiter, that decided her, and with a kiss on my lips, and "don't you trouble, Hattie," she passed on, and a moment later was whirled away from my sight. That Ella was the least bit willful and vain, and that I, perhaps, was the one most to blame for fostering those faults, brought a sigh,

and with it the resolve to try and do better in future, I passed in to my work.

The bright morning, as bright mornings often do, ended in sombreness. First, light scudding clouds came fitting up from the west; then, heavier ones of impenetrable gloom, and at last patterning drops beat fast against the panes. I was very much troubled. The mountain, where the party that Ella accompanied was to spend the day, was in a wild, unfrequented country, and though the grounds around and upon it were laid out into roads and winding paths, and a hotel built for accommodation on the top, yet the houses were so few and far between on the road that led to it, that one could be thoroughly wet before he reached a place of shelter. All I feared came to pass. At night sister came shivering in, her thin cape in her hand, and a heavy borrowed shawl thrown over her wet garments; her thin gaiters, which proved no protection against the driving rain that beat into the carriage, entirely damped through. Mother hastily made warm drinks, and we folded soft flannel sheets closely around her form that night, but the next morning the rose on her cheek was not the fair rose of health, and her breath came fast and labored, as if the delicate machinery of her heart was battling with obstructions it could not overcome. Oh! the long, fearful watching of that dreary day; the shrouding snow and the moaning blast only brought thoughts of the grave; the beating rain, and leaden sky of the gloom of death, and though the soft grass came, and the violets bloomed, and we learned from her lips to say "Thy will be done" ere we laid her to rest, yet sunshine, light and brightness of the summer, all became dim—quenched by the damps of our Ella's grave.

Many years have passed, yet there is still a void in life, a strong yearning that never can be stilled until I clasp her in my arms on that shore where parting never comes. And now, dear girls, are you not each an Ella to some loving heart? Your eyes are bright, and your steps do not weary, and you scarcely pause to think what a precious gem is the pearl of health given to you. You toy with it, and throw it carelessly about, and give a careless laugh when a kind mother or prudent sister cries "beware!" Your small, dainty feet must not be clumsy cased, even if the pavements are damp; your fair, white neck must not be hid, though there is death in the kiss of the sharp, biting blast, and by and by, when your feet lose their lightness, and the whiteness

of the shroud seems stealing into your lips, and friends tremblingly watch every glance of the kind physician, then if life has even no charms for you, how much you would give to wipe away the tears from the eyes of those you love, and fill the niche in life that to them can never be refilled, instead of giving them life-long yearnings for a missing form and a lonely grave, with its bloom of myrtle and pure white flowers.

Berea, Ohio.

OUR SINGING SCHOOL.

BY J. P. H.

MENIONTOWN would never have been Meniontown without its singing school. No indeed! That was one of its peculiar institutions; that was one of the yearly notches cut in our village calendar, by which we were better able to observe our progress in matters musical, social, and even matrimonial. I feel obliged to append the last item to the list, because candor requires it to be confessed that more matches were made at singing school, especially among the younger folk, than at any other place or time. And that seems to be one of the important truths in village history everywhere.

Mr. B.—was teacher for a number of years. To sing was what nearly every person in the district thought he or she could do; but to sing well, to do it in a way that betrayed acquaintance with singing as a *science*, to be sure and make only *melody* of it, that was what very few could really prove themselves fully equal to. Mr. B.—, however, was admitted to be rather a master hand at his calling, and could catch a note from the quaver of a "tune fork" as skillfully as any other one who could be produced.

Winter after winter the singing school was kept up. Without a single exception it had always held its meetings in the old log school house that stood on the hill above the village. There the pupils sat on the hard wooden benches—the males on one side and the females on the other. It was expected of every scholar, whether male or female, that he or she would bring a separate candle, that so the expense of weekly illumination might be equally defrayed. This regulation was often the occasion of a great deal of mirth, for some came with little, blunt stumps of candles, blackened all over with previous fires, and stuck, as a final resort, into a flat turnip carefully pared for this particular time. It was ludicrous to see them

going about from one seat to another, now leaning forward and then reaching backward, to get a light from a neighbor, and incidentally whisper something that had no connection with the light at all. A stranger would have done more than merely smile, I fear, if he could have looked in unexpectedly upon our musical group—candles dancing, waving, and glimmering; heads and figures in all possible attitudes and positions; feet, some of them, perched high on the backs of the benches before them; eyes staring and mouths agape; and the persevering instructor trying to make accomplished musicians of every one.

Once in a great many winters the musically inclined of the parish managed to raise funds enough to secure the weekly services of an itinerant singing teacher, and then each week the village felt a thrill of excitement and enthusiasm from which it hardly recovered before the entire seven days had gone round again. When Mr. P—— did come there was a notable stir. Everybody seemed suddenly to awake and to be rubbing his eyes. The girls were especially lively. It was a grand gala time for them. They had only the pleasantest pictures to make into prospects for the coming winter.

How boldly Mr. P—— began! With what a readiness did he take hold of his work, cutting and slashing this side and that; carrying everything fairly by storm that they had trembled to meet before! What an off-hand, attractive, impressive way he had! Not one of all the males in the district who could sing a note, but looked on him and his attainments with the purest envy, albeit they might not have known it to be such.

Breves and semibreves, quavers and semiquavers, flats and sharps, alto, tenor, bass, treble, and all besides, beats, rests, and stops—how they rattled from the oily end of his glib tongue till the heads of his listeners were crammed full with no knowledge but the knowledge of music! He was a wonderful man; everybody admitted it; and the only pity seemed to be that the village could not secure sufficient pecuniary provision for his attendance every winter. Yet half the time was better than not to have him at all, even as half a loaf is better than no bread.

It was more particularly under his tuition that the pupils had reached their present state of proficiency. At the schools the men snuffed the candles with their fingers, while the girls used their scissors for that purpose. They telegraphed to each other across the floor in secret and symbolic methods, which made the

singing all the pleasanter to them. When, as at the beginning of every "quarter," they were drilled in reading the notes, and in giving every one its proper expression, the veriest misanthrope must have laughed to listen to the discordant noise that proceeded from the snarl and jumble of voices. And they laughed themselves, too, and thought there was no better fun to be had anywhere for as much as four times the money.

"Will you give me your attention now. Fa, sol, la, si," &c.

Such was Mr. B——'s very frequent appeal to them. They had rather more regard to Mr. P——'s commands, for he could command their attention whether they would or no—Mr. B—— liked too well to see their enjoyment to be harsh in his requests.

But all *learned* at the winter singing school; there was no gainsaying that. Children, even, walked up the music bars as easily as hodmen climb their ladders. The girls and boys all made progress. Their parents confessed it. Their own persistent efforts, both in school and out, abundantly attested it.

Where the present fathers and mothers first learned acquaintance with one another, whispering behind their book covers, and stealing off, finally, together home, there the children were duly improving their time in the same style, and promised to unite old village families in bonds closer than those of friendship merely. The singing school was one of the best places in the world for what people call "sparking." The result fully established a fact so peculiar. Mary was expected to go home with almost every young bean there was present, for Mary was the village belle. And Margaret found her name written in a great many more books than belonged to her, with some sentimental quatrain becomingly attached. And the Lucys, and Elizabeths, and Julias that came along after to assert their claims—they managed very easily to engage the attention of quite all the rest.

What a giggling there was when school "let out!" What unnecessary confusion in assorting the hoods, and bonnets, and shawls, even although they had been hung up in the first place with scrupulous care! How oddly some of the boys got mixed in with a snarl of rougish girls, who made his face afire with blood, and his ears tingle with their sharp remarks, before he effected his extrication again! What promises of visits were then made, that were to answer for the whole coming week! What invitations were extended on all sides,

and how they were increased, and persisted in, and repeated! What an inextricable snarl they all got into before they finally reached the door and crowded out! What laughing, and greeting, and shaking of hands, and telling of secrets, and exclamatory "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" Were ever such times before? Did ever days go by to which the hearts of the participants would afterward turn back with fonder regrets and more tender memories?

Let none speak of village singing schools triflingly. For myself, I have a sort of regard for them that I can compare with nothing but itself. They are genial nurseries of some of our best and truest social sentiments. And is there no pleasant recollections connected with those schools, twining themselves about the feelings of my reader's heart, on which grow some of the most tender sentiments? Do all those long past winter evenings lie like a waste on the memory, with not so much as a twig or a flower lifting its head above the soil by which to recognize the spot where once there slept, in truth, the "happy valley?"

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

SHE was a light, springy little woman, with a cheerful, beaming face, which, if it could boast of no other beauty, was such an index of good sense and kindness, that no one ever thought how much better she would look if a regular feature was substituted for an irregular one. She now jumped from the buggy and ran half way up the walk—for Johnny, she knew, by this time was deep into mischief—then turned back to give an added word to her cousin.

"Now Scott," she pleaded, "do coax Celia out to that picnic. I believe it will do her more good than all the doctor's prescriptions. I really think the most she needs now is fresh air, and a little cheerful amusement to wake her up—make her feel some interest in something. Be sure and bring me that lawn from Grover's, the pink one with the vines running over it, and I will cut and make it, and hem some ruffles for the neck, and bring it over on Thursday morning; but don't say a word to Celia about it. Scott, I actually feel afraid she will die if we cannot make the world look brighter to her; and to think she used to be so happy—singing half the time." And the little woman wiped her eyes, and ejaculating again something about Johnny's mischief, started for the house.

It was a long ride Mr. Franklin had before him that day, and as the horse was a well-trained one, and needed no care to guide him, he had plenty of time to pursue the train of thought his cousin's words had awakened.

"She used to be so happy—singing half the time!" It seemed only yesterday since her sweet, birdlike voice floated out to him, as he opened the gate, and her playful words and light repartee and smiles, made her home full of brightness.

The desk never needed that thing of life—a budding flower or leaf, and an ivy planted in a moss-covered box in the first week of their married life clung around the mantel and formed a beautiful drapery for the few pictures that graced their walls; but the flower was always missing now, and the ivy dead long ago.

Scott Franklin was not a man of the nicest perceptions; but that day a spell seemed over him, and he saw deeper and with a clearer light, and the hours of many a week that before had seemed filled with words, actions and looks, good and just, and laid in kindness, smooth as the marble table to his quickened touch, now stood up like sharp points of needles that gave pain to his mind to pass over.

Celia, the spring before, had been very sick; but the virulent disease, after bringing her so close to death's door that she heard the faint murmurings of celestial music, passed away, and left her tottering feet to clamber up the steep, weary path that led to the broad, even road of health; from some cause she had sunk down half way ere she reached it, and every power seemed futile to urge her to renewed action. That he had thrown obstacles in her way had never occurred to him before. Had he not provided the best physician—sought for the softest couch for her attenuated form—ran here and there to procure every delicacy for her capricious appetite? Had he not procured the best help? Ah! here he found many a sharp needle point! In the country place where they resided it was almost impossible to hire a girl, and Nancy West, who had lived with them from the first week of Mrs. Franklin's illness, had only been prevailed upon, by much pleading, to come to accommodate! She felt perfectly equal, in intellect and station, to those with whom she resided, but being really far inferior, and having no innate sense of true worth to sustain her, she was always reaching out to cling to something out of her proper sphere, to support her in her false position.

If she had the delicacy to see, she had not

the generosity to give Mrs. Franklin the pleasure of feeling that, though she was a poor invalid, she was in reality the mistress of the household, and essential to the happiness of its inmates. Perhaps the girl was perfectly innocent of any premeditated action, but like a fountain which cannot send forth but the same water the spring supplies it with, so daily her actions jarred on the delicate nerves of the sensitive wife. If the girl, in an unusual fit of condescension, inquired what food should be prepared for the next meal, and Mrs. Franklin mentioned some particular article, so many objections would be brought against it, that weak as she was, she would yield, and let her help prepare what dish she chose. If for weary hours she had been longing for a quiet chat with her husband, and the precious noon-tide hour had come, and they were all pleasantly seated around the table, and Mr. Franklin would commence conversation by asking some question, ere his wife could frame a reply the words would be taken out of her mouth, and a long chat carried on between them, and she—hurt, silent, and perhaps indignant, would sit with closed lips, and spend a sober afternoon brooding over the loss of the aliment her mind so much needed.

It was all explained to Mr. Franklin as he rode along why his wife, who met him the other day with a smile so like the old time one, and with a tone that had a glad thrill in it, hushed down so suddenly, and why, on coming in unexpectedly an hour later, found her in tears! Why such a look of pain came to her pale lips the night before, as he praised up the biscuits, and said to Nancy that she was a girl worth a hundred! Why such an angry, indignant look was thrown upon him for listening to Nancy instead of gratifying her by taking her out to ride, when she felt confident it would be a benefit instead of injury. He began to realize how bitter the trial for one who had been comfort, company, and *all*, to yield her place to a hireling, and feel that she was but a cypher. It was no mystery now why her face clouded if he merely passed the bread or pie at table first to the girl, or tarried to retail the news ere he came to her room to give the kiss of greeting when she was too feeble to leave it. To see was to act, with Mr. Franklin, and his plan was formed before his horse was turned loose for the night.

"Are you any better to-night, Celia?" he inquired, in a kind, earnest tone, as he entered the door and paused by her side; "I am afraid you find the hours very long, sitting here alone,

but I have made arrangements to leave the office an hour earlier each afternoon next month, and I mean to take you out riding every pleasant day."

"Oh, I am so glad!" and the thin, transparent fingers clasped his convulsively, and a glad light welled up into her clear blue eyes.

"Tea is ready. Shall I help you out, Mrs. Franklin?" here broke in, as harshly as the jarring note of thunder amid the soft fall of the rain.

"No; you take up the toast; my arm is the strongest," and he encircled her slight form with it and seated her at the table.

"Scott, brother was here to-day, and he said Mrs. Waltham was a great deal better; they think she will get well, and—"

"Oh, yes, the new doctor is curing her. Aint it wonderful, Mr. Franklin?"

"What was you going to say, wife?" The tired look passed away from her face again at this inquiry.

"She is down to Putman now, and she can walk half a mile. Do you suppose I ever shall walk that distance again?"

"To be sure. I am going to have you out chesnutting with me this fall. What a grand time we had the year we were married, when Irene and Percival went with us, and we walked over by the old mill and filled our baskets as full as we could carry them. Don't you remember the oak tree, where a perfect bevy of birds were singing and hopping about, and how we sat down on the grass and listened to them, and watched the clouds rich with sunset dyes?"

"Was it by Jones' old mill you went?"

"Yes. Celia, I am going to take you to the picnic next week, if you are as smart as now. It is to be in the grove close by Mrs. Hardwick's, and I will borrow their rocking chair, and I know you can stay an hour or two, at least! What do you think about it?"

"Why, Mr. Franklin, you are perfectly crazy! She will catch her death of cold!"

"You have not answered me, wife. Think you can go?"

"If I only had some suitable clothes. Is it Thursday?"

"Yes. What do you need to wear?"

"I hardly know. My dresses are all out of fashion; but I guess that brown bargee will do. I have no gaiters or good gloves—but don't get anything expensive. I have been sick so long I feel poor."

"Don't trouble yourself! But I must be off, and straighten up that business before nine. Let me help you."

"I will sit by the window awhile, it is so pleasant. I don't know when I have felt so well!"

Her pleasant smile, and the wave of her hand as he looked back at the gate, almost brought tears of joy to his eyes. It seemed so much like times of old; but with the joy was mingled this pang, that if he had always done as a kind, thoughtful husband should, many sad, suffering hours might have been saved, and perhaps his wife been comfortably well by this time, for even the wisest and best of books says "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

The day of the picnic opened mild and pleasant, and Mrs. Franklin, despite much silent opposition, which is harder to combat than open words, had decided to go.

The girl, out of humor at the revolt against her before undisputed authority, had not a moment to spare from her work to assist in dressing. She had dallied over it only as a provoked woman can—and Mr. Franklin, after declaring for the fourth time that she should leave before the week was out, took upon himself the task of combing her hair. Just as he had unfastened the dry, uneven tresses, and taken up the comb, a light step came through the back hall, and the pleasant, cheerful face of Cousin Hattie appeared at the door.

"So you are really going, Celia. I have been in a perfect flutter all the morning for fear you would give it up; and you look better than I have seen you for a year. I wanted to get here earlier, but Johnny took it into his head to run away, and I hunted all over the neighborhood and at last found him down in the pasture with his father's ox-whip driving the calves. You never saw such a little mischief; but Scott, do let me have that comb; Celia won't have a straight hair in her head by the time you are through. Shall I puff or braid it?"

"Any way to suit you. I cannot look very well at the best, as my dress is hardly presentable, but as I have been sick so long no one will think it strange."

"How will this do?" said Hattie, dropping the comb and bringing in from the hall a pretty pink organdie, the sleeves and neck trimmed with neat ruffles of crimped muslin, and a scarf of white lace fluttering down amid the folds of the skirt. "Oh! you need not look wonder struck! Scott and I know what we are about," and a merry, rippling laugh gushed out and filled the whole room with music. "Pity if such a patient, dear little wife, can-

not have a pleasant surprise once in a while—but do see that load—it's Mrs. Drake's whole family, and they are always late; so I guess I had better hurry;" and the dimpled fingers went to work with a will.

Mrs. Franklin enjoyed the ride in the easy carriage as only an invalid, long confined, can, and as she leaned back in the borrowed rocking-chair, and friends gathered around her and gave the smile and kiss of greeting, and kind, heartfelt words of glad surprise at her return once more among them, her slow, stagnant pulses seemed revivified and flowed on quicker, carrying health to every vein.

The gently waving trees, and sunshine lying like coronals on the green leaves—the soft murmur of the wind and hum of a distant water-fall—the white robed maidens and little children flitting here and there, seemed like a beautiful picture seen long before—leaving a yearning, haunting memory—then suddenly breaking on the sight in all its beauty.

Cousin Hattie, good, kind soul, was almost in raptures at Celia's evident enjoyment, and in a soft aside whisper told Scott she knew it would cure her—the happy excitement of a few more such days—it was all she needed; but his reply, away down deep in his heart, that no lips gave utterance to, was a little more love from her husband's heart, flowing out into the thousand rills that keep green the pathway of married life, might have cured her long ago, and with it came also the resolution that never again should she have the slightest cause to feel herself second in attention, affection, or as mistress of his home.

The effects of that resolve well kept, soon became evident. The slow, languid step was exchanged for a livelier one, the sad, listless look for a bright, animated glance, the mournful smile that almost spoke of the grave, for a laugh merry as the dancing ripples, and Scott Franklin, in the happiness of his reward, ever felt thankful for that long, solitary ride, and the divine mood that so strangely came to him.

Berea, Ohio.

A gentleman who spoke of having been struck by a lady's beauty, was advised to kiss the rod.

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

WHAT good would centuries do the man who only knows how to waste his time?

SONNET.

BY DR. C. C. COX.

FRIEND of my soul! at this still hour
I watch the day's unfolding dawn,
And wonder if thy thoughts, like mine,
Are busy with the past and gone.
Three years have fled; and she who trod
Earth's path of sorrow by thy side
Has passed through trial up to Heaven,
And shares the bliss to us denied.
To her no weary moments come;
No hope deferred, no aching care,
Where fast beside the throne of God
Life's river flows, she waits thee there.
A few more annual rounds, and then
Fond hands and hearts unite again.

THE OLD GARDENER'S ROSEBUD.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Ah! Miss Issy—you're looking as fresh
and swate as the rose-buds this morning."

"O! not near so nice as they, Jimmy. See,
here's a white one all covered with dew; the
first. Oh! may I have it, Jimmy?"

"Shure you've a right to yer own, miss;
shure you can have it if ye wish; here, let me
cut it for ye;" the old man bent forward,
taking his garden shears, and carefully and
tenderly severed the beautiful flower.

"It's like a little child, though, a swate
little child—oh! shure an' it's no wonder I
love the roses," he murmured, as he held it
toward the white, dimpled fingers of the pretty
Issy.

"O! isn't it lovely! God is good, isn't he,
to make these beautiful flowers just for us? It
makes me love God," she added, reverently.

"Ah! well ye may say, miss—well ye may
say," replied the gardener, leaning on his
spade. "Once was the time, Miss Issy, I
cared as little for the flowers as I did for the
sod, and worked it because it brought me my
weakly wages. But now I don't do that, miss,"
and the blue eyes of the old man traveled up
along the calm heavens, while a gentle smile
hovered upon the edges of his thin lips.

"What are you doing this morning, Jimmy?"
queried the child.

"Doin', miss? transplanting some slips of
the same kind o' roses ye're holding in your
hands, Miss Issy. By nixt summer, the Lord
willin' if I'm still alive I'll cut ye off some
flowers as pretty as the one ye have."

"Jimmy, how old are you?" asked the in-
quisitive child, hovering about the old man
and watching every movement that he made.

"How could am I, miss? Come nixt Christ-
mas I'll be sivnty-one years, glory be to His
name," answered the old man, taking off his
battered hat and smoothing back the white,
curling locks from a seamed forehead.

"And is Bridget really your child?" still
queried the little one.

"My child is it? Bridget my child?" he
laughed a derisive kind of laugh under his
breath—"oh! no, miss—the Lord forbid—
none of mine could be of that sort, miss."

"There, I thought so. Mrs. Hall heard
Bridget calling you father when she came in
the yard yesterday, and she asked mother if it
was possible that such a homely, bloway girl
could be the daughter of handsome old
Jimmy."

"Did she say *that*, miss?" cried Jimmy, his
dim eyes brightening, while he laughed again
in a pleased way. "Ah! well, poor Bridget's
a misfortunit thing, and aint to blame for the
face that God give her, though she might have
manners more decent."

"But Jimmy, didn't you *never* have a little
girl of your own?" persisted the child, her
bright eyes twinkling in his face like two
stars.

"O! didn't I, then!" the old man paused
again in his work, and his glance took that far
off, spiritual expression that those who saw
him often admired and wondered at. "Miss
Issy, the Lord give me a child—it was on'y
one, an' niver did I see the beauty in anything
human there was in that. Sometimes, Miss
Issy, I've seen something in the look of your
eyes that 'minded me of her, but I tell ye
from the first she was one of God's angels, and
she used her wings to fly away from me—but
thin she was needed in the betther country.
Who could blame the wee birdie?"

"O! Jimmy, do tell me about her?"

"Tell ye about her, miss," responded the
old man, the tears—very few and large, that
had gathered in his eyes, dropping one by one
over his pale cheeks.

"O! yes, do, Jimmy, if it wont make you
feel *very* bad," pleaded the child. "Tell me
when she was born, and where; who was her
mother, and—and—what took her to heaven,
you know," she added, with instinctive deli-
cacy.

"Ah! Miss Issy, twere in the faver time she
died, and little good, jewel, the story'd do ye,
mayhap," and the old man bent down to press
the moist earth closer against the root he was
transplanting; "it were a time," he added,
shaking his gray locks, "when them that

hadn't no hope to fly to was worse off nor the haythen—but God is merciful, glory be to his name."

"O! Jimmy, if you only *would* tell me—please do—that's a good man. There, that's the luncheon-bell—now I'll manage it, Jimmy. Bridget will bring your lunch, and I'll tell her to go and get mine, and we'll sit in the arbor; so while we're eating you can tell me the story, Jimmy—oh! do—please do?"

Who could withstand a child's winning earnestness? surely, not Irish Jimmy, for that pleading look made him liken her to the little angel that had once made his home a heaven. So Bridget was sent to bring another lunch, and the old man leaned his spade against the garden rail, and taking one white hand, holding it lightly, yet tenderly, the two wended their way to the vine-covered arbor.

"There! here's my little cricket; you sit on the seat and I'll sit right here. Now tell me all about it."

"Och! honey, ye have the winnin' way wid ye, shure now; for it's a thing I've not spoken of to any mortal for these tin years at all. Sometimes, you see the soreness is in me heart to this day when I brood over it; but God's been gracious, and made it mostly a pleasure to think of them both up in the shining coorts of glory. Sometimes I says to myself, Miss Issy, as them that is dead does a bigger work for them that be livin' than if they'd been spared to grow up in this troublous world. You see I were very wild whin a boy, miss. The foolish people give me a sort of title, as it were, and from the first I knowed they called me 'handsome Jimmy.' Me parents, I spouse, was proud of me, and they let me have me own wild way too much—shure, Miss Issy, I was like a colt that's never broken or trained, and like such a creeter, I've done my 'mount o' mischief. But the Lord, blissed be his name, knows me heart's been right afore him these many years. 'Twere a long time afore I got married, Miss Issy. I were thirty whin I first saw Mary MacDonough. Her father were agent for one o' the English Lords that oppress the poor Irish to this day—the rich spalpeens! and wouldn't a' no more noticed me than the dirt undher his feet. But Mary took to me from the time she first saw me, an' that was at the gran' wedding in a great church in Cork. I was nigh her, and her swate face—or the look in it—went clear to me heart, and there it staid iver since—come Christmas, forty-one year. Afther that I managed to see her agin, and as I'd a decent situation as head gardener

for the Aarl O'Connor, I begin to save me wages and grow careful, for the sake of that swate face. To make short on it—I got a little house ready, and thin I made bowld to ask her father might I have his daughter. Och! to see the rage on him! He called me bastely names, and all but put his fut to me to kick me out ov the house. It were terrible to hear the oaths that he took, and how he threatened me my life if I so much as come past the place any more. Well, I bore it quietly for Mary's sake, though I shook inside till me heart felt loose; but I made a vow, too, that I'd have the girl—an' I kipt it. I've bin sorry since, but the Lord knows how I were punished till I put me hand to me mouth and me mouth in the dust, and cried out in me sufferins that it were more nor I could bear.

"Well, Miss Issy, I married her, and I'll only say to ye that her father didn't know it, and whin he did he put his curse upon us both. Well, little I cared for it at that time, for I were prosperin'; but me poor Mary—poor girl, she took it hard. She grew pale and spindlin' like, and secretly worritted about her father's curse. But she was a nate house-keeper, was my Mary, and me little cabin always looked clane and swate. I was happier nor a king, and worked hard, arly and late, for the sake of showing her proud father how well I could support the woman he grudged to me. When her pale cheeks would worrit me, shurely, I used to say, she'll be all right when the bright spring comes.

"So by that time little Elsie were born. O! it made me a better man to see the innocent little face, and the wee bit hands so helpless. If I'd niver loved the flowers for their own sakes before, I loved 'em for hers, now. I was as tinder of the bit bud as if it were my nurslin', a'most. It seemed as if I'd a flower at home—a new bud with the dew ov the morn of its life upon it, and I'd niver done watchin' and tindin' it. O! I'd fly to me home like a bird let loose out ov its cage.

"It seemed to me, Mary grew a little better after this. There did a color come to her pale cheeks, and a light into her eyes, and I never loved her so well. Besides that, I was a layin' up ov money, and felt as if I'd be a landowner meself if I kep' on at the rate I were goin'.

"Me little Elsie, she jist growed a beauty. I'd sit an' wonder if the delicit crathure belonged to me. Ye wouldn't belave, Miss Issy, what large, sparklin' eyes she had, and the white ov her skin—och! I think that lily

hanging yondher'd look dark to it. People said it couldn't be that she were well, an' so white, and even the very ladies would stop to look at her, and wonder at her beauty. Then she had the curls for ye, Miss Issy; I don't say as they were handsomer than your'n, but they were such tiny things, five rings of yellow light shining in the sun like bits of gold. Many's the time I've kissed and called 'em my best guineas.

Sometimes we'd hear from Mary's father, but never no good. Once I met her mother when I had the child. She minded to turn off and go across, but the woman's heart in her give way, an' she all but knelt down and kissed the darlin', though she never so much as noticed me. But I never cared. Wasn't the child mine? wasn't Mary mine?

"Elsie were just turned of four whin the faver come. It were stealthy enough at first, only a case here, an' a few cases there; that when people harked they didn't care much—but the hot summer came on, and the rains every day, an' the mists by night, and the red, copper sky, that looked as it would hiss if a shower came, always at the nightfall—and oh! the woe! There begun to be a many processions—then the rich and the great folks, hurried from the cities—then the shopkeepers, an' so one afther another all left but the poor an' the midlin', an' a few of the good ginty as wasn't afeard. Pretty soon, Miss Issy, it come marchin' along. We'd hear of it in the street near by—and thin it'd be in the nixt house, and I were all but crazy for fear ov me wife an' child ketchin' ov it. At last it come—news that Mary's father were sick, and the poor girl wint to him. I hadn't the heart to say no, though I wish I had, for his last words was bitter, bitter. So she come away fatherless and motherless—for the pestilence had taken both ov them. O! but that awful time! I went to and fro to me work, but I didn't dare expect to see the modther and child alive every night whin I'd come home. The faver swept like a hurrik'en, ye see, Miss Issy. It didn't take one or two, and stop; no—it just reaped em down—whole families to a time. The cabins was deserted—the grass growed among the stones in the streets—sometimes doors swung wide open into houses, and nobody cared—nobody went to see what was lift. One night, I'll niver forgit, I come home later nor usual, for I'd been huntin' for herbs that I'd heard was good for to prevent the faver, when I come across a little bundle in the street. I touched it with me foot, whin up

comes a head and I see it were an ugly little child. With that it begin to cry, such a cry, it set me heart to aching.

"Says I, 'what are ye doin' here?'

"Says she, 'they're all gone—mammy, daddy, aunty, and grand'ther. Susie died, too, last night, and now I aint got nobody.'

"Poor wee thing! I couldn't stan' that, specially when she said she were hungry, so I told her to come home with me, and O! woe, we wint home to see—what?"

"O! Jimmy!" cried the little girl, clasping his hands, while her lips quivered and her eyes were moist—"what did you see?"

"I see my Mary, my beautiful Mary—dead!" sobbed the old man, "and Elsie—"

"I'm so sorry," plained Issy, laying her cheek against his hands, the tears running freely.

"And Elsie just going," quivered on his trembling lips.

"Poor Jimmy!" sobbed the little listener.

"Yes, I wint to her, I took her in my two arms. She give a smile, though she didn't know me. She was saying something; I held my ear down close, she was whispering, 'pretty flowers! pretty roses!' and saying them words lookin' as if she saw 'em in some shinin' garden—she laid her head closer on my bosom—and—"

"O! Jimmy, Jimmy, don't cry so; she went to heaven, you know," quivered from Issy's red lips.

"O! child, I'm *sure* of that," said the old man, huskily. "It were all right, though I couldn't feel it then. She's in God's garden, and I never see a rose that I don't think of it, and aint tender to it. Her name comes to me when I talk to 'em as if they heard me. Yes, Miss Issy"—the old man gave his eyes a final rub, and smoothed back his white hair—"that's why I love the flowers, not as I were used in the ould country—but as somethin' made by the great God—and for her sweet sake, who died blessin' ov 'em, as it were. Now, child, we've bin here longer nor we should—your mother'll be callin' for ye."

"But Jimmy," said the child, thoughtfully, "was that poor little girl Bridget?"

"Yes, miss, I brought her wid me to Ameriky, and done the best I could by her. She was a quare child, but she loved me, an' would go to the end o' the wold to serve me."

"Poor thing!" said Issy, in a low voice, "I'll always be kind to her. How dreadful it must be to have *nobody* left!"

An hour after that Jimmy was working vig-

orously at a vine that needed his care. There was a shade of sadness tinting the grave beauty of his features, and sometimes he sighed in a weary way. But following that sigh came a trusting glance heavenward, and if he turned to the roses a smile rarely bright glorified his face.

NOTHING TO DO.

BY HELEN V. AUSTIN.

"I wish I was married, never to rue,
Plenty of money, and nothing to do,"

sang light hearted Mary Perry, as she busied herself dusting the little back parlor, putting the children's playthings away that they had left scattered in confusion over the room, and arranging things for the third time that day.

Mary had a real artistic taste, and cleaned and brightened things as if by magic. Her brother would often say, "Sis, you are a real fairy queen; 'tis true I never saw you turn a 'pumpkin into a coach of gold,' or lizards into footmen, but you go about with your sunshine varnishing everything. You take the children when they look as badly as Cinderella before her transformation, comb and curl, and dress them, till they look nice enough to be presented to a king. And as for me, your fairy-wand is over me all the time."

But Mary was singing a little ditty, not despondingly, as if complaining at her lot, but only hopefully, as if a brighter one might await her.

Nothing to do! Dear Mary, that time should never come; such as you were not put into the world to do nothing. It does seem hard sometimes, that such a bright gem should have no more golden setting, that you are so much occupied with domestic cares while yet so young; but you are richly rewarded by the love of a gentle mother, and that of young brothers and sisters.

There is no woman that should have nothing to do. If in a situation that household labor is not her task, verily, there is a heavy weight resting on her shoulders. Society calls with a demanding voice for the discharge of duties that must not be neglected; the higher the station the greater is the responsibility. Her children will be viewed with scrutinizing eyes, and their example held up for more humble ones to follow. And what great claims society and the world has on her for the manner in which she governs her domestics.

It is in the power of every one to be a "reformer," if, indeed, there is nothing but a little child for a subject. This is a theme wide enough for gifted minds to dwell long and earnestly on—the material for many essays, but more powerful yet for practice.

What a great little empire a woman may rule if she will only be the ruler! She may learn from a school book that "education prevents crimes," and she may make it an abiding principle of her mind; and while her children may be educated at schools, and compete in art, science, and accomplishments with others of their own station, she may have a school in her own household that is laying the foundation of future good and prosperity. She will be robbing the prisons of their sufferers, the scaffold of its victims; and the acts of her life will be one continual prayer for the Lord's kingdom to come on earth. She may indulge a refined taste, and enjoy literary ease, and cultivate her mind, yet she should be the servant of those who serve her, "for whose who would be chief among you, let him be your servant."

How much less preaching would be needed, how much less "reforming," if those in high stations would be truly the servants of the poor and ignorant. It is not only to give food and clothing to the suffering, but it is the moral influence, the Christian spirit that is to be lived out which will evangelize the world.

Mrs. Child said "there is no refinement like holiness," and it is true also that there is no politeness equal to home politeness; and the woman who is the true lady in the parlor, the nursery, and the kitchen, and can instruct her servants into higher spheres of usefulness, is a true heroine in the great cause of emancipation from slavery and vice, and is delivering to the world a life-long lecture, so full of eloquence, truth, and poetry, that her footprints will never fade from off the sands of time, and the crown that gathers around her brow, and the peace that fills her heart, will be her talisman at the gate of Heaven.

Richmond, Indiana.

So long as men are imprudent in their diet and business, doctors and lawyers will ride in carriages.

Happiness must arise from our own temper and actions, and not immediately from any external conditions.

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VOL. X

AFTER THE STORM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE night had passed wearily for Mr. Delancy, broken by fitful dreams, in which the image of his daughter was always present—dreams that he could trace to no thoughts or impressions of the day before. And he arose unrefreshed, and with a vague sense of trouble in his heart, lying there like a weight which no involuntary deep inspirations would lessen or remove. No June day ever opened in fresher beauty than did this one, just four years since the actors in our drama came smiling before you, in the flush of youth and hope, and confidence in the far off future. The warmth of early summer had sent the nourishing sap to every delicate twig and softly expanding leaf, until full foliaged, the trees around Ivy Cliff stood in kingly attire, lifting themselves up grandly in the sunlight, which flooded their gently waving tops in waves of golden glory. The air was soft, of crystal clearness, and the lungs drank it in as if the draught were ethereal nectar.

On such a morning in June, after a night of broken and unrefreshing sleep, Mr. Delancy walked forth with that strange pressure on his heart, which he had been vainly endeavoring to push aside since the singing birds awoke him in the faint auroral dawn, with their joyous welcome to the coming day. He drew in long draughts of the delicious air; expanded his chest, moved briskly through the garden, threw his arms about to hurry the sluggish flow of blood in his veins, looked with constrained admiration on the splendid landscape that stretched far and near in the sweep of his vision—but, all to no purpose. The hand still lay heavy upon his heart; he could not get it removed.

Returning to the house, feeling more uncomfortable for this fruitless effort to rise above what he tried to call an unhealthy depression of spirits consequent on some morbid state of the body, Mr. Delancy was entering the library, when a fresh young face greeted him with light and smiles.

"Good morning, Rose," said the old gentleman, as his face brightened in the glow of the young girl's happy countenance. "I am glad to see you!" and he took her hand and held it tightly.

"Good morning, Mr. Delancy. When did you hear from Irene?"

"Ten days ago."

VOL. XV.—22

"She was well?"

"O yes. Sit down, Rose; there." And Mr. Delancy drew a chair before the sofa for his young visitor, and took a seat facing her.

"I haven't had a letter from her in six months," said Rose, a sober hue falling on her countenance. "I don't think she is quite thoughtful enough of her old friends."

"And too thoughtful, it may be, of new ones," replied Mr. Delancy, his voice a little depressed from the cheerful tone in which he had welcomed his young visitor.

"These new friends are not always the best friends, Mr. Delancy."

"No, Rose. For my part, I wouldn't give one old friend whose heart I had proved for a dozen untried new ones."

"Nor I, Mr. Delancy. I love Irene. I have always loved her. You know we were children together."

"Yes, dear, I know all that; and I'm not pleased with her for treating you with so much neglect, and all for a set of—"

Mr. Delancy checked himself.

"Irene," said Miss Carman, whom the reader will remember as one of Mrs. Emerson's bridesmaids, "has been a little unfortunate in her New York friends. I'm afraid of these strong-minded women, as they are called, among whom she has fallen."

"I detest them!" replied Mr. Delancy, with suddenly aroused feelings. "They have done my child more harm than they will ever do good in the world by way of atonement. She is not my daughter of old."

"I found her greatly changed at our last meeting," said Rose. "Full of vague plans of reforms and social reorganizations, and impatient of opposition, or even mild argument, against her favorite ideas."

"She has lost her way," sighed the old man, in a low, sad voice, "and I'm afraid it will take her a long, long time to get back again to the old true paths, and that the road will be through deep suffering. I dreamed about her all night, Rose, and the shadow of my dreams is still upon me. It is foolish, I know, but I cannot get my heart again into the sunlight."

And Rose had been dreaming troubled dreams of her old friend, also, and it was because of the pressure that lay upon her feelings that she had come over to Ivy Cliff this morning to ask if Mr. Delancy had heard from Irene. She did not, however, speak of this, for she saw that he was in an unhappy state on account of his daughter.

"Dreams are but shadows," she said, forcing a smile to her lips and eyes.

"Yes—yes." The old man responded with an abstracted air. "Yes. They are only shadows. But, my dear, was there ever a shadow without a substance?"

"Not in the outside world of nature. Dreams are unreal things. The fantastic images of a brain where reason sleeps."

"There have been dreams that came as warnings, Rose."

"And a thousand, for every one of these, that signified nothing."

"True. But I cannot rise out of these shadows. They lie too heavily on my spirit. You must bear with me, Rose. Thank you for coming over to see me; but I cannot make your visit a pleasant one, and you must leave me when you grow weary of the old man's company."

"Don't talk so, Mr. Delancy. I'm glad I came over. I meant this only for a call; but as you are in such poor spirits I must stay awhile and cheer you up."

"You are a good girl," said Mr. Delancy, taking the hand of Rose, "and I am vexed that Irene should neglect you for the false friends who are leading her mind astray. But never mind, dear; she will see her error one of these days, and learn to prize true hearts."

"Is she going to spend much of her time at Ivy Cliff this summer?" asked Rose.

"She is coming up in July to stay three or four weeks."

"Ah? I'm pleased to hear you say so. I shall then revive old-time memories in her heart."

"God grant that it may be so!" Rose half started at the solemn tone in which Mr. Delancy spoke. What could be the meaning of his strangely troubled manner? Was anything seriously wrong with Irene? She remembered the confusion into which her impulsive conduct had thrown the wedding party; and there was a vague rumor afloat that Irene had left her husband a few months afterward, and returned to Ivy Cliff. But she had always discredited this rumor. Of her life in New York she knew but little as to particulars. That it was not making of her a truer, better, happier woman, nor a truer, better, happier wife, observation had long ago told her.

"There is a broad foundation of good principles in her character," said Miss Carman; "and this gives occasion for hope in the future. She will not go far astray with her wily enticers, who have only stimulated, and

given direction, for a time, to her undisciplined impulses. You know how impatient she has always been under control; how restively her spirit has chafed itself when a restraining hand was laid upon her. But there are real things in life of too serious import to be set aside for idle fancies such as her new friends have dignified with imposing names. Real things, that take hold upon the solid earth like anchors, and hold the vessel firm amid wildly rushing currents."

"Yes, Rose, I know all that," replied Mr. Delancy. "I have hope in the future of Irene. But I shudder in heart to think of the rough, thorny, desolate ways through which she may have to pass with bleeding feet, before she reaches that serene future. Ah! if I could save my child from the pain she seems resolute on plucking down and wearing in her heart!"

"Your dreams have made you gloomy, Mr. Delancy," said Rose, forcing a smile to her sweet young face. "Come now, let us be more hopeful. Irene has a good husband. A little too much like her in some things, but growing manlier, and broader in mental grasp, if I have read him aright. He understands Irene, and what is more, loves her deeply. I have watched them closely."

"So have I." The voice of Mr. Delancy was not so hopeful as that of his companion.

"Still looking on the darker side." She smiled again.

"Ah, Rose, my wise young friend," said Mr. Delancy, "to whom I speak my thoughts with a freedom that surprises even myself—a father's eyes read many signs that have no meaning for others."

"And many read them, through fond suspicion, wrong," replied Rose.

"Well—yes—that may be." He spoke in partial abstraction, yet doubtfully.

"I must look through your garden," said the young lady, rising; "you know how I love flowers."

"Not much, yet, to hold your admiration," replied Mr. Delancy, rising also. "June gives us wide green carpets, and magnificent draperies of the same deep color; but her red and golden broderies are few. It is the hand of July that throws them in with rich profusion."

"But June flowers are sweetest and dearest, tender nurslings of the early Summer—first born of her love," said Rose, as they stepped out into the portico. "It may be that the eye gets sated with beauty, as nature grows lavish of her gifts; but the first white and red petals that unfold themselves have a more delicate

perfume—seem made of purer elements, and more wonderful in perfection—than their later sisters. Is it not so?"

"If it only appears so it is all the same as if real," replied Mr. Delancy, smiling.

"How?"

"It is real to you. What more could you have? Not more enjoyment of Summer's gifts of beauty and sweetness."

"No; perhaps not."

Rose let her eyes fall to the ground, and remained silent.

"Things are real to us as we see them; not always as they are," said Mr. Delancy.

"And this is true of life." Rose looked up into the old man's face.

"Yes, child. It is in life that we create for ourselves real things out of what, to some, are airy nothings. Real things, against which we often bruise or maim ourselves, while to others they are as intangible as shadows."

"I never thought of that," said Rose.

"It is true."

"Yes, I see it. Imaginary evils we thus make real things, and hurt ourselves by contact, as, maybe, you have done this morning, Mr. Delancy."

"Yes—yes. And false ideas of things which are unrealities in the abstract—for only what is true has actual substance—become real to the perverted understanding. Ah, child, there are strange contradictions and deep problems in life for each of us to solve."

"But, God helping us, we may always reach the true solution," said Rose Carman, lifting a bright, confident face to that of her companion.

"That was spoken well, my child," returned Mr. Delancy, with a new life in his voice; "and without Him we can never be certain of our way."

"Never—never." There was a tender, trusting solemnity in the voice of Rose.

"Young, but wise," said Mr. Delancy.

"No! Young, but not wise. I cannot see the way plain before me for a single week, Mr. Delancy. For a week? No, not for a day!"

"Who does?" asked the old man.

"Some."

"None. There are many who walk onward with erect heads and confident bearing. They are sure of their way, and smile if one whisper a caution as to the ground upon which they step so fearlessly. But, they soon get estray, or in pitfalls. God keeping and guiding us, Rose, and we may find our way safely through this world. But we will soon lose ourselves if we trust in our own wisdom."

Thus they talked—that old man and gentle-hearted girl—as they moved about the garden walks, every new flower, or leaf, or opening bud they paused to admire or examine, suggesting themes for wiser words than usually pass between one so old and one so young. At Mr. Delancy's earnest request Rose staid to dinner, the waiting man being sent to her father's, not far distant, to take word that she would not be at home until in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XIX.

Often, during that morning, did the name of Irene come to their lips, for the thought of her was all the while present to both.

"You must win her heart back again, Rose," said Mr. Delancy. "I will lure her to Ivy Cliff often, this summer, and keep her here as long as possible each time. You will then be much together." They had risen from the dinner-table and were entering the library.

"Things rarely come out as we plan them," answered Rose. "But I love Irene truly, and will make my own place in her heart again, if she will give me the key of entrance."

"You must find the key, Rose."

Miss Carman smiled.

"I said, if she would give it to me."

"She does not carry the key that opens the door for you," replied Mr. Delancy. "If you do not know where it lies search for it in the secret places of your own mind, and it will be found, God helping you, Rose."

Mr. Delancy looked at her significantly.

"God helping me," she answered, with a reverent sinking of her voice, "I will find the key."

"Who is that?" said Mr. Delancy, in a tone of surprise, turning his face to the window.

Rose followed his eyes, but no one was visible.

"I saw, or thought I saw, a lady cross the portico this moment."

Both stood still, listening and expectant.

"It might have been fancy," said Mr. Delancy, drawing a deep breath.

Rose stepped to one of the library windows, and throwing it up, looked out upon the portico.

"There is no one," she remarked, coming back into the room.

"Could I have been so mistaken?"

Mr. Delancy looked bewildered.

Seeing that the impression was so strong on his mind, Miss Carman went out into the hall, and glanced from there into the parlor and dining-room.

"No one came in, Mr. Delancy," she said, on returning to the library.

"A mere impression," remarked the old man soberly. "Well, these impressions are often very singular. My face was partly turned to the window, so that I saw out, but not so distinctly as if both eyes had been in the range of vision. The form of a woman came to my sight as distinctly as if the presence had been real—the form of a woman going swiftly past the window."

"Did you recognize the form?"

It was some moments before Mr. Delancy replied.

"Yes." He looked anxious.

"You thought of Irene?"

"I did."

"We have talked and thought of Irene so much to-day," said Rose, "that your thought of her has made you present to her mind with more than usual distinctness. Her thought of you has been more intent, in consequence, and this has drawn her nearer. You saw her by an inward, not by an outward vision. She is now present with you in spirit, though her body be many miles distant. These things often happen. They startle us by their strangeness; but are as much dependent on laws of the mind, as bodily nearness is dependent on laws of matter."

"You think so?" Mr. Delancy looked at his young companion curiously.

"Yes, I think so."

The old man shook his head. "Ingenious, but not satisfactory."

"You will admit," said Rose, "that as to our minds we may be present in any part of the world, and in an instant of time, though our bodies move not."

"Our thought may be," replied Mr. Delancy.

"Or, in better words, the eyes of our minds may be; for it is the eyes that see objects," said Rose.

"Well; say the eyes of our minds then."

"We cannot see objects in London, for instance, with our bodily eyes, unless our bodies be in London," resumed Rose.

"Of course not."

"Nor with our mental eyes, unless our spirits be there."

Mr. Delancy looked down thoughtfully.

"It must be true, then, that our thought of any one brings us present to that individual, and that such presence is often recognized."

"That is pushing the argument too far," said Mr. Delancy.

"I think not. Has it not often happened that suddenly the thought of an absent one came into your mind, and that you saw him, or her, for a moment or two, almost as distinctly as if in bodily presence before you?"

"Yes. That has many times been the case."

"And you had not been thinking of that person; nor had there been any incident as a reminder?"

"I believe not."

"My explanation is, that this person, from some cause, had been led to think of you intently, and so came to you in spirit. There was actual presence, and you saw each other with the eyes of your minds."

"But, my wise reasoner," said Mr. Delancy, "it was the bodily form—with face, eyes, hands, feet, and material garments—that was seen. Not the spirit. If our spirits have eyes that see, why, they can only see spiritual things."

"Has not a spirit a face, and hands, and feet?" asked Rose, with a confidence that caused the old man to look at her almost wonderingly.

"Not a face, and hands, and feet like those of mine," he answered.

"Yes, like them," she replied, "but of spiritual substance."

"Spiritual substance! That is a novel term. This is substance." And Mr. Delancy grasped the arm of a chair.

"No, that is material and unsubstantial," she calmly replied; "it is subject to change and decay. A hundred years from now, and there may be no visible sign that it had ever been. But, the soul is imperishable and immortal—the only thing about man that is really substantial. And now," she added, "for the faces of our spirits. What gives to our natural faces their form, beauty, and expression? Is it not the soul-face within? Remove that by death, and all life, thought, and feeling are gone from the stolid effigy. And so, you see, Mr. Delancy, that our minds must be formed of spiritual substance, and that our bodies are but the outward material clothing which the soul puts on for action and use in this world of nature."

"Why, you are a young philosopher!" exclaimed Mr. Delancy, looking in wonder at his fair companion.

"No," she answered with simplicity, "I talk with my father about these things, and it all seems very plain to me. I cannot see how any one can question what appears to me so

plain. That the mind is substantial we see from this fact alone—it retains impressions longer than the body."

"You think so?"

"Take an instance," said Rose. "A boy is punished unjustly by a passionate teacher, who uses taunting words as well as smarting blows. Now, the pain of these blows is gone in less than an hour, but the word-strokes, received on his spirit, hurt him, maybe, to the end of his mortal life. Is it not so? And if so, why? There must be substance to hold impressions so long!"

"You silence, if you do not fully convince," replied Mr. Delancy. "I must dream over what you have said. And so, your explanation is, that my thought of Irene has turned her thought to me, and thus we became really present?"

"Yes."

"And that I saw her just now by an inner, and not by an outer sight?"

"Yes."

"But why was the appearance an outward manifestation, so to speak?"

"Sight is in the mind, even, natural sight. The eye does not go out to a tree, but the image of the tree comes to the eye, and thence is presented, in a wonderful and mysterious way, to the mind, which takes note of its form. The appearance is, that the soul looks out at the tree; but the fact is, the image of the tree comes to the brain, and is there seen. Now, the brain may be impressed, and respond by natural vision, from an internal, as well as from an external communication. We see this in cases of visual aberrations, the instances of which, given in books, and clearly authenticated, are innumerable. Things are distinctly seen in a room which have no existence in nature; and the illusion is so perfect that it seems impossible for eyes to be mistaken."

"Well, well, child," said Mr. Delancy, "this is curious, and a little bewildering. Perhaps it is all just as you say about Irene. But, I feel very heavy here," and he laid his hand on his breast and sighed deeply.

At this moment the library door was pushed gently open, and the form of a woman stood in the presence of Mr. Delancy and Rose. She was dressed in a dark silk, but had on neither bonnet nor shawl. Both started; Mr. Delancy raised his hands and bent forward, gazing at her eagerly, his lips apart. The face of the woman was pale and haggard, yet familiar as the face of an old friend; but in it was some-

thing so strange and unnatural that for a moment or two it was not recognized.

"Father!" It was Irene! She advanced quietly, and held out her hand.

"My daughter!" He caught the extended hand and kissed her. But she showed no emotion.

"Rose, dear, I am glad to see you." There was truth in the dead level tone with which "I am glad to see you" was spoken, and Rose, who perceived this, took her hand and kissed her. Both hands and lips were cold.

"What's the matter, Irene? Have you been sick?" asked Mr. Delancy, in a choking voice.

"No, father, I'm very well." You would never have recognized that voice as the voice of Irene.

"No, child, you are not well. What ails you? Why are you here in so strange a way, and looking so strangely?"

"Do I look strangely?" There was a feeble effort to awaken a smile, which only gave her face a ghastly expression.

"Is Hartley with you?"

"No." Her voice was fuller and more emphatic as she uttered this word. She tried to look steadily at her father, but her eyes moved aside from the range of his vision.

For a little while there was a troubled silence with all. Rose had placed an arm around the waist of Irene, and drawn her to the sofa, on which they were now sitting. Mr. Delancy stood before them. Gradually the cold, almost blank expression of Irene's face changed, and the old look came back.

"My daughter," said Mr. Delancy.

"Father,"—Irene interrupted him—"I know what you are going to say. My sudden, unannounced appearance, at this time, needs explanation. I am glad dear Rose is here—my old, true friend"—and she leaned against Miss Carman—"I can trust her."

The arm of Rose tightened around the waist of Irene.

"Father." The voice of Irene fell to a deep, solemn tone. There was no emphasis on one word more than on another. All was a dead level; yet the meaning was as full, and the involved purpose as fixed, as if her voice had run through the whole range of passionate intonation. "Father, I have come back to Ivy Cliff and to you, after having suffered shipwreck on the voyage of life. I went out rich, as I supposed, in heart-treasures; I come back poor. My gold was dross, and the sea has swallowed up even that miserable substitute for wealth. Hartley and I never truly loved each

other, and the experiment of living together as husband and wife has proved a failure. We have not been happy; no, not from the beginning. We have not even been tolerant, or forbearing toward each other. A steady alienation has been in progress day by day, week by week, and month by month, until no remedy is left but separation. That has been, at length, applied, and here I am! It is the third time that I have left him, and to both of us the act is final. He will not seek me, and I shall not return."

There had come a slight flush to the countenance of Irene before she commenced speaking; but this retired again, and she looked deathly pale. No one answered her—only the arm of Rose tightened like a cord around the waist of her unhappy friend.

"Father," and now her voice fluttered a little, "for your sake I am most afflicted. I am strong enough to bear my fate—but you!"

There was a little sob—a strong suppression of feeling—and silence.

"Oh, Irene! My child! My child!" The old man covered his face with his hands, sobbed, and shook like a fluttering leaf. "I cannot bear this! It is too much for me!" and he staggered backwards. Irene sprung forward and caught him in her arms. He would have fallen, but for this, to the floor. She stood clasping and kissing him wildly, until Rose came forward and led them both to the sofa.

Mr. Delaney did not rally from this shock. He leaned heavily against his daughter, and she felt a low tremor in his frame.

"Father!" she spoke tenderly, with her lips to his ear. "Dear father!"

But, he did not reply.

"It is my life-discipline, father," she said; "I will be happier, and better, no doubt, in the end for this severe trial. Dear father! Do not let what is inevitable so break down your heart. You are my strong, brave, good father, and I shall need now, more than ever, your sustaining arm. There was no help for this. It had to come, sooner or later. It is over now. The first bitterness is past. Let us be thankful for that, and gather up our strength for the future. Dear father! Speak to me!"

Mr. Delaney tried to rally himself. But he was too much broken down by the shock. He said a few words, in which there was scarcely any connection of ideas, and then getting up from the sofa walked about the room, turning

one of his hands within the other in a distressed way.

"O dear, dear, dear!" he murmured to himself, in a feeble manner, "I have dreaded this, and prayed that it might not be. Such wretchedness and disgrace! Such wretchedness and disgrace! Had they no patience with each other—no forbearance—no love, that it must come to this! Dear! dear! dear! Poor child!"

Irene, with her white, wretched face, sat looking at him for some time as he moved about, a picture of helpless misery. Then going to him again, she drew an arm around his neck and tried to comfort him. But, there was no comfort in her words. What could she say to reach, with a healing power, the wound from which his very life-blood was pouring.

"Don't talk! don't talk!" he said, pushing Irene away with slight impatience of manner. "I am heart-broken. Words are nothing!"

"Mr. Delaney," said Rose, now coming to his side, and laying a hand upon his arm, "you must not speak so to Irene. This is not like you."

There was a calmness of utterance, and a firmness of manner, which had their right effect.

"How have I spoken, Rose, dear? What have I said?" Mr. Delaney stopped and looked at Miss Carman, in a rebuked, confused way, laying his hand upon his forehead at the same time.

"Not from yourself," answered Rose.

"Not from myself!" He respected her words, as if his thoughts were still in a maze. "Ah child, this is dreadful!" he added. "I am not myself! Poor Irene! Poor daughter! Poor father!"

And the old man lost himself again.

A look of fear now shadowed, darkly, the face of Irene, and she glanced, anxiously, from her father's countenance to that of Rose. She did not read in the face of her young friend much that gave assurance or comfort.

"Mr. Delaney," said Rose, with great earnestness of manner, "Irene is in sore trouble. She has come to a great crisis in her life. You are older and wiser than she is, and must counsel and sustain her. Be calm, dear sir! Calm, clear-seeing, wise and considerate now as you have always been."

"Calm—clear-seeing—wise!" Mr. Delaney repeated the words, as if endeavoring to grasp the rein of thought, and get possession of himself again.

"Wise to counsel, and strong to sustain," said Rose. "You must not fail us now."

"Thank you, my sweet young monitor," replied Mr. Delancy, partially recovering himself; "it was the weakness of a moment. Irene," and he looked toward his daughter, "leave me with my own thoughts for a little while. Take her, Rose, to her own room, and God give you power to speak words of consolation, I have none."

Rose drew her arm within that of Irene, and said, "come." But Irene lingered, looking tenderly and anxiously at her father.

"Go, my love." Mr. Delancy waved his hand.

"Father! dear father!" She moved a step toward him, while Rose held her back.

"I cannot help myself, father. The die is cast. Oh, bear up with me! I will be to you a better daughter than I have ever been. My life shall be devoted to your happiness. In that I will find a compensation. All is not lost—all is not ruined. My heart is as pure as when I left you three years ago. I come back bleeding from my life-battle, it is true; but not in mortal peril—wounded, but not unto death—cast down, but not destroyed."

All the muscles of Mr. Delancy's face quivered with suppressed feeling as he stood looking at his daughter, who, as she uttered the words, "cast down, but not destroyed," flung herself, in wild abandonment, on his breast.

CHAPTER XX.

The shock to Mr. Delancy was a fearful one, coming, as it did, on a troubled, foreboding state of mind; and Reason lost, for a little while, her firm grasp on the rein of government. If the old man could have seen a ray of hope in the case it would have been different. But from the manner and language of his daughter it was plain that the dreaded evil had found them; and the certainty of this, falling suddenly, struck him as with a heavy blow.

For several days he was like one who had been stunned. All that afternoon on which his daughter returned to Ivy Cliff, he moved about in a bewildered way, and by his questions and remarks showed an incoherence of thought that filled the heart of Irene with alarm.

On the next morning, when she met him at the breakfast table, he smiled on her in his old, affectionate way. As she kissed him, she said—

"I hope you slept well last night, father?"

A slight change was visible in his face.

"I slept soundly enough," he replied, "but my dreams were not agreeable."

Then he looked at her with a slight closing of the brows, and a questioning look in his eyes.

They sat down, Irene taking her old place at the table. As she poured out her father's coffee, he said, smiling—

"It is pleasant to have you sitting there, daughter."

"Is it?"

Irene was troubled by this old manner of her father. Could he have forgotten why she was there?

"Yes. It is pleasant," he replied, and then his eye dropped in a thoughtful way.

"I think, sometimes, that your attractive New York friends have made you neglectful of your lonely old father. You don't come to see him as often as you did a year ago."

Mr. Delancy said this with simple earnestness.

"They shall not keep me from you any more, dear father," replied Irene, meeting his humor, yet heart-appalled at the same time, with this evidence that his mind was wandering from the truth.

"I don't think them safe friends," added Mr. Delancy, with seriousness.

"Perhaps not," replied Irene.

"Ah! I'm glad to hear you say so. Now, you have one true, safe friend. I wish you loved her better than you do."

"What is her name?"

"Rose Carman," said Mr. Delancy, with a slight hesitation of manner, as if he feared repulsion on the part of his daughter.

"I love Rose dearly; she is the best of girls; and I know her to be a true friend," replied Irene.

"Spoken like my own daughter!" said the old man, with a brightening countenance. "You must not neglect her any more. Why, she told me you hadn't written to her in six months. Now, that isn't right. Never go past old, true friends, for the sake of new, and maybe, false ones. No—no. Rose is hurt; you must write to her often—every week."

Irene could not answer. Her heart was beating wildly. What could this mean? Had reason fled? But she struggled hard to preserve a calm exterior.

"Will Hartley be up to-day?"

Irene tried to say "No," but could not find utterance.

Mr. Delancy looked at her curiously, and, now, in a slightly troubled way. Then he let his eyes fall, and sat holding his cup, like one who was turning perplexed thoughts in his mind.

"You are not well this morning, father," said Irene, speaking, only because silence was too oppressive for endurance.

"I don't know; perhaps I'm not very well." And Mr. Delancy looked across the table at his daughter very earnestly. "I had bad dreams all last night, and they seem to have got mixed up in my thoughts with real things. How is it? When did you come up from New York? Don't smile at me. But, really, I can't think."

"I came yesterday," said Irene, as calmly as she could speak.

"Yesterday!" He looked at her with a quickly changing face.

"Yes, father, I came up yesterday."

"And Rose was here?"

"Yes."

Mr. Delancy's eyes fell again, and he sat very still.

"Hartley will not be here to-day?"

Mr. Delancy did not look up as he asked this question.

"No, father."

"Nor to-morrow?"

"I think not."

A sigh quivered on the old man's lips.

"Nor the day after that?"

"He did not say when he was coming," replied Irene, evasively.

"Did not say when? Did not say when?" Mr. Delancy repeated the sentence two or three times, evidently trying all the while to recall something which had faded from his memory.

"Don't worry yourself about Hartley," said Irene, forcing herself to pronounce a name that seemed like fire on her lips. "Isn't it enough that I am here?"

"No, it is not enough." And her father put his hand to his forehead and looked upward in an earnest, searching manner.

What could Irene say? What could she do? The mind of her father was groping about in the dark, and she was every moment in dread lest he should discover the truth, and get farther estray from the shock.

No food was taken by either Mr. Delancy or his daughter. The former grew more entangled in his thoughts, and finally arose from the table, saying, in a half apologetic way,

"I don't know what ails me this morning."

"Where are you going?" asked Irene, rising at the same time.

"No where in particular. The air is close here—I'll sit awhile in the portico," he answered, and throwing open one of the windows he stepped outside. Irene followed him.

"How beautiful!" said Mr. Delancy, as he sat down and turned his eyes upon the attractive landscape. Irene did not trust her voice in reply.

"Now go in and finish your breakfast, child. I feel better; I don't know what came over me." He added the last sentence in an undertone.

Irene returned into the house, but not to resume her place at the table. Her mind was in an agony of dread. She had reached the dining-room, and was about to ring for a servant, when she heard her name called by her father. Running back quickly to the portico, she found him standing in the attitude of one who had been suddenly startled—his face all alive with question and suspense.

"Oh, yes! yes! I thought you were here this moment! And so it's all true?" he said, in a quick, troubled way.

"True? What is true, father?" asked Irene, as she paused before him.

"True, what you told me yesterday."

She did not answer.

"You have left your husband?" He looked soberly into her face.

"I have, father." She thought it best to use no evasion.

He groaned, sat down in the chair from which he had arisen, and let his head fall upon his bosom.

"Father!" Irene kneeled before him and clasped his hands. "Father! dear father!"

He laid a hand on her head, and smoothed her hair in a caressing manner.

"Poor child! poor daughter!" he said, in a fond, pitying voice, "don't take it so to heart. Your old father loves you still."

She could not stay the wild rush of feeling that was overwhelming her. Passionate sobs heaved her breast, and tears came raining from her eyes.

"Now don't, Irene! Don't take on so, daughter! I love you still, and we will be happy here, as in other days."

"Yes, father," said Irene, holding down her heart, and calming her voice, "we will be happy here as in the dear old time. Oh, we will be very happy together. I wont leave you any more."

"I wish you had never left me," he answered mournfully; "I was always afraid of this—always afraid. But don't let it break your heart; I'm all the same; nothing will ever turn me against you. I hope he hasn't been very unkind to you?" His voice grew a little severe.

"We won't say anything against him," replied Irene, trying to understand, exactly, her father's state of mind, and accommodate herself thereto. "Forgive and forget, is the wisest rule always."

"Yes, dear, that's it. Forgive and forget—forgive and forget. There's nothing like it in this world. I'm glad to hear you talk so."

The mind of Mr. Delaney did not again wander from the truth. But the shock, received when it first came upon him, with stunning force, had taken away his keen perception of the calamity. He was sad, troubled, and restless, and talked a great deal about the unhappy position of his daughter—sometimes in a way that indicated much incoherence of thought. To this state succeeded one of almost total silence, and he would sit for hours, if not aroused from reverie and inaction by his daughter, in apparent dreamy listlessness. His conversation, when he did talk on any subject, showed, however, that his mind had regained its old clearness.

On the third day after Irene's arrival at Ivy Cliff, her trunks came up from New York. She had packed them on the night before leaving her husband's house, and marked them with her name, and that of her father's residence. No letter or message accompanied them. She did not expect nor desire any communication, and was not, therefore, disappointed, but rather relieved from what would have only proved a cause of disturbance. All angry feelings toward her husband had subsided; but no tender impulses moved in her heart, nor did the feeblest thought of reconciliation breathe over the surface of her mind. She had been in bonds—now, the fetters were cast off, and she loved freedom too well to bend her neck again to the yoke.

No tender impulses moved, we have said, in her heart, for it lay, like a palsied thing, dead in her bosom—dead, we mean, so far as the wife was concerned. It was not so palsied on that fatal evening when the last strife with her husband closed. But, in the agony that followed, there came, in mercy, a cold paralysis; and now, toward Hartley Emerson, her feelings were as calm as the surface of a frozen lake.

And how was it with the deserted husband? Stern and unyielding, also. The past year had been marked by so little of mutual tenderness; there had been so few passages of love between them—green spots in the desert of their lives—that memory brought hardly a relic from the

past over which the heart could brood. For the sake of worldly appearances, Emerson most regretted the unhappy event. Next, his trouble was for Irene and her father, but most for Irene.

"Willful, wayward one!" he said many, many times. "You, of all, will suffer most. No woman can take a step like this without drinking of pain to the bitterest dregs. If you can hide the anguish—well. But, I fear the trial will be too hard for you—the burden too heavy. Poor, mistaken one!"

For a month the household arrangements of Mr. Emerson continued as when Irene left him. He did not intermit for a day, or an hour, his business duties, and came home regularly at his usual times—always, it must be said, with a feeble expectation of meeting his wife in her old places; we do not say desire, but simply expectation. If she had returned—well. He would not have repulsed, nor would he have received her with strong indications of pleasure. But a month went by, and she did not return, nor send him any word. Beyond the brief—"I have gone"—there had come from her no sign.

Two months elapsed, and then Mr. Emerson dismissed the servants and shut up the house; but he neither removed nor sold the furniture; that remained as it was for nearly a year, when he ordered a sale by auction and closed the establishment.

Hartley Emerson, under the influence of business and domestic trouble, matured rapidly, and became grave, silent, and reflective, beyond men of his years. Companionable he was by nature, and during the last year that Irene was with him, failing to receive social sympathy at home, he had joined a club of young men, whose association was based on a declared ambition for literary excellence. From this club he withdrew himself; it did not meet the wants of his higher nature; but offered much that stimulated the grosser appetites and passions. Now he gave himself up to earnest self-improvement, and found, in the higher and wider range of thought which came as the result, a partial compensation for what he had lost. But he was not happy; far, very far from it. And there were seasons when the past came back upon him in such a flood, that all the barriers of indifference which he had raised for self protection were swept away, and he had to build them up again in sadness of spirit. So the time wore on with him; and troubled life-experiences were doing their work upon his character.

CHAPTER XXI.

It is two years since the day of separation between Irene and her husband. Just two years. And she is sitting in the portico at Ivy Cliff, with her father, looking down upon the river that lies gleaming in sunshine—not thinking of the river, however, nor of anything in nature.

They are silent and still—very still, as if sleep had locked their senses. He is thin and wasted, as from long sickness, and she looks older by ten years. There is no fine bloom on her cheeks, from which the fullness of youth has departed.

It is a warm June day, the softest, balmiest, brightest day the year has given. The air comes laden with delicate odors, and thrilling with bird melodies; and turn the eye as it will, there is a feast of beauty.

Yet, the odors are not perceived, nor the music heard, nor the beauty seen by that musing old man and his silent daughter. Their thoughts are not in the present, but far back in the unhappy past, the memories of which, awakened by the scene and season, have come flowing in a strong tide upon them.

Two years. They have left the prints of their heavy feet upon the life of Irene, and the deep marks will never be wholly obliterated. She were less than human if this were not so. Two years! Yet, not once in that long, heart-breaking time, had she for a single moment looked backwards in weakness. Sternly holding to her act as right, she strengthened herself in suffering, and bore her pain as if it were a decree of fate. There was no anger in her heart—nor anything of hardness toward her husband. But there was no love, nor tender yearnings for conjunction—at least, nothing recognized as such in her own consciousness,

Not since the day Irene left the house of her husband, had she heard from him directly; and only two or three times indirectly. She had never visited the city since her flight therefrom, and all her pleasant and strongly influencing associations there were, in consequence, at an end. Once, her very dear friend, Mrs. Talbot, came up to sympathize with and strengthen her in the fiery trial through which she was passing. She found Irene's truer friend, Rose Carman, with her; and Rose did not leave them alone for a moment at a time. All sentiments that she regarded as hurtful to Irene in her present state of mind, she met with her calm, conclusive mode of reasoning, that took away the specious force of

the sophist's dogmas. But her influence was chiefly used in the repression of unprofitable themes, and the introduction of such as tended to tranquillize the feelings, and turn the thoughts of her friend away from the trouble that was lying upon her soul like a suffocating nightmare. Mrs. Talbot was not pleased with her visit, and did not come again. But she wrote several times. The tone of her letters was not, however, pleasant to Irene, who was disturbed by it, and more bewildered than enlightened by the sentiments that were announced with oracular vagueness. These letters were read to Miss Carman, on whom Irene was beginning to lean with increasing confidence. Rose did not fail to expose their weakness or fallacy in such clear light, that Irene, though she tried to shut her eyes against the truth presented by Rose, could not help seeing it. Her replies were not, under these circumstances, very satisfactory, for she was unable to speak in a free, assenting, confiding spirit. The consequence was natural. Mrs. Talbot ceased to write, and Irene did not regret the broken correspondence. Once Mrs. Lloyd wrote. When Irene broke the seal, and let her eyes rest upon the signature, a shudder of repulsion ran through her frame, and the letter dropped from her hands to the floor. As if possessed by a spirit whose influence over her she could not control, she caught up the unread sheet and threw it into the fire. As the flames seized upon and consumed it, she drew a long breath, and murmured—

"So perish the memory of our acquaintance!"

Almost a dead level of suffering had been those two years. There are no events to record, and but little progress of state. Yes, there had been a dead level of suffering; a palsied condition of heart and mind; a period of almost sluggish endurance, in which pride, and an indomitable will, gave strength to bear.

Mr. Delancy and his daughter were sitting, as we have seen, on that sweet June day, in silent abstraction of thought, when the serving man, who had been to the village, stepped into the portico and handed Irene a letter. The sight of it caused her heart to leap, and the blood to crimson, suddenly, her face. It was not an ordinary letter—one, in such a shape, had never come to her hand before.

"What is that?" asked her father, coming back, as it were, to life.

"I don't know," she answered, with an effort to appear indifferent.

Mr. Delancy looked at his daughter with a

perplexed manner, and then let his eyes fall upon the legal envelope in her hand, on which a large, red seal was impressed.

Rising, in a quiet way, Irene left the portico, with slow steps; but, no sooner was she beyond her father's observation, than she moved toward her chamber with winged feet.

"Bless me, Miss Irene!" exclaimed Margaret, who met her on the stairs, "what has happened?"

But Irene swept by her without a response, and entering her room, shut the door and locked it. Margaret stood a moment, irresolute, and then going back to her young lady's chamber, knocked for admission. There was no answer to her summons, and she knocked again.

"Who is it?"

She hardly knew the voice.

"It is Margaret. Can't I come in?"

"Not now," was answered.

"What's the matter, Miss Irene?"

"Nothing, Margaret. I wish to be alone, now."

"Something has happened, though, or you'd never look just like that," said Margaret to herself, as she went slowly down stairs. "O, dear, dear! Poor child! there's nothing but trouble for her in this world."

It was some minutes before Irene found courage to break the imposing seal and look at the communication within. She guessed at the contents, and was not wrong. They informed her, in legal phrase, that her husband had filed an application for a divorce, on the ground of desertion, and gave notice that any resistance to this application must be on file on or before a certain date.

The only visible sign of feeling that responded to this announcement, was a deadly paleness, and a slight, nervous crushing of the paper in her hands. Moveless as a thing inanimate, she sat, with fixed, dreamy eyes, for a long, long time.

A divorce! She had looked for this daily, for more than a year, and often wondered at her husband's tardiness. Had she desired it? Ah, that is the probing question? Had she desired an act of law to push them fully asunder—to make the separation plenary in all respects? No. She had not come into this state of mind. She did not really wish for the irrevocable, sundering decree.

Since her return to her father's house, the whole life of Irene had been marked by great circumspection. The trial through which she had passed was enough to sober her mind and

turn her thoughts in some new directions; and this result had followed. Pride, self will, and impatience of control, found no longer any spur to re-active life, and so her interest in woman's rights, social reforms, and all their concomitants, died away for lack of a personal bearing. At first there had been warm arguments with Miss Carman on these subjects, but these grew, gradually, less earnest, and were finally avoided by both, as not only unprofitable, but distasteful. Gradually, this wise and true friend had quickened, in the mind of Irene, an interest in things out of herself. There are, in every neighborhood, objects to awaken our sympathies, if we will only look at and think of them. "The poor ye have always with you." Not the physically poor only, but, in larger numbers, the mentally and spiritually poor. The hands of no one need lie idle a moment for lack of work, for it is no vague form of speech to say that the harvest is great and the laborers few.

There were ripe harvest fields around Ivy Cliff, though Irene had not observed the golden grain bending its head for the sickle, until Rose led her feet in the right direction. Not many of the naturally poor were around them, yet some required even bodily ministrations—children, the sick and the aged. The destitution that most prevailed was of the mind—and this is the saddest form of poverty. Mental hunger! how it exhausts the soul, and debases its heaven-born faculties, sinking it into a gross corporeal sphere, that is only a little removed from the animal. To feed the hungry and clothe the naked, means a great deal more than the bestowal of food and raiment, yes, a great deal more! and we have done but a small part of Christian duty—have obeyed only in the letter, when we supply merely the bread that perishes.

Rose Carman had been wisely instructed, and she was an apt scholar. Now, from a learner she became a teacher, and in the suffering Irene found one ready to accept the higher truths that governed her life, and to act with her in giving them a real ultimation. So, in the two years which had woven their web of new experiences for the heart of Irene, she had been drawn almost imperceptibly, by Rose, into fields of labor where the work that left her hands was, she saw, good work, and must endure forever. What peace it often brought to her striving spirit, when, but for the sustaining and protecting power of good deeds, she would have been swept out upon the waves of turbulent passion—tossed and beaten

there until her exhausted heart sunk down amid the waters, and lay dead for awhile at the bottom of her great sea of trouble.

It was better—oh! how much better!—when she laid her head at night on her lonely pillow, to have in memory the face of a poor sick woman, which had changed from suffering to peace as she talked to her of higher things than the body's needs, and bore her mind up into a region of tranquil thought, than to be left with no image to dwell upon but an image of her own shattered hopes. Yes—this was far better, and by the power of such memories the unhappy one had many peaceful seasons and nights of sweet repose.

All around Ivy Cliff Irene and Rose were known as ministrant spirits to the poor and humble. The father of Rose was a man of wealth, and she had his entire sympathy and encouragement. Irene had no regular duties at home, Margaret being housekeeper and directress in all departments. So, there was nothing to hinder the free course of her will as to the employment of time. With all her pride of independence, the ease with which Mrs. Talbot drew Irene in one direction, and now Miss Carman in another, showed how easily she might be influenced when off of her guard. This is true, in most cases, of your very self-willed people, and the reason why so many of them get astray. Only conceal the hand that leads them, and you may often take them where you will. Ah, if Hartley Emerson had been wise enough, prudent enough, and loving enough, to have influenced aright the fine young spirit he was seeking to make one with his own, how different would the result have been!

In the region round about, our two young friends came, in time, to be known as the "Sisters of Charity." It was not said of them mockingly, nor in gay depreciation, nor in mean ill-nature; but in expression of a common sentiment that recognized their high, self-imposed mission.

Thus it had been with Irene since her return to the old home at Ivy Cliff.

CHAPTER XXII.

Yes, Irene had looked for this—looked for it daily for now more than a year. Still, it came upon her with a shock that sent a strange, wild shudder through all her being. A divorce! She was less prepared for it than she had ever been.

What was beyond? Ah, that touched a chord which gave a thrill of pain! What was

beyond? A new alliance, of course. Legal disabilities removed, Hartley Emerson would take upon himself new marriage vows. Could she say "yea, and amen" to this? No, alas, no! There was a feeling of intense, irrepressible anguish away down in heart-regions that lay far beyond the lead-line of prior consciousness. What did it mean? She asked herself the question with a fainting spirit. Had she not known herself? Were old states of tenderness, which she had believed crushed out and dead long ago, hidden away in secret places of her heart, and kept there safe from harm?

No wonder she sat pale and still, crumpling nervously that fatal document which had startled her with a new revelation of herself. There was love in her heart still, and she knew it not. For a long time she sat like one in a dream.

"God help me!" she said at length, looking around her in a wild, bewildered manner. "What does all this mean?"

There came, at this moment, a gentle tap at her door. She knew whose soft hand had given the sound.

"Irene!" exclaimed Rose Carman, as she took the hand of her friend, and looked into her changed countenance, "what ails you?"

Irene turned her face partly away to get control of its expression.

"Sit down, Rose," she said, as soon as she could trust herself to speak.

They sat down together, Rose troubled and wondering. Irene then handed her friend the notice which she had received. Miss Carman read it, but made no remark for some time.

"It has disturbed you," she said at length, seeing that Irene continued silent.

"Yes, more than I could have believed," answered Irene. Her voice had lost its familiar tones.

"You have expected this?"

"Yes."

"I thought you were prepared for it."

"And I am," replied Irene, speaking with more firmness of manner. "Expectation grows so nervous, sometimes, that when the event comes it falls upon us with a painful shock. This is my case now. I would have felt it less severely if it had occurred six months ago."

"What will you do?" asked Rose.

"Do?"

"Yes."

"What can I do?"

"Resist the application, if you will."

"But I will not," answered Irene firmly. "He signifies his wishes in the case, and that must determine everything. I will remain passive."

"And let the divorce issue by default of answer?"

"Yes."

There was a faintness of tone which Rose could not help remarking.

"Yes," Irene added, "he desires this complete separation, and I can have nothing to say in opposition. I left him, and have remained ever since a stranger to his home and heart. We are nothing to each other—and yet, are bound together by the strongest of bonds. Why should he not wish to be released from these bonds? And if he desires it I have nothing to say. We are divorced in fact—why, then, retain the form?"

"There may be a question of the fact," said Rose.

"Yes; I understand you. We have discussed that point fully. Your view may be right, but I do not see it clearly. I will, at least, remain passive. The responsibility shall rest with him."

No life or color came back to the face of Irene. She looked as cold as marble; not cold, without feeling, but with intense feeling, recorded as in a piece of unchanging sculpture.

There were deeds of kindness and mercy set down in the purposes of our young friend, and it was to go forth and perform them that Rose had called for Irene this morning. But only one Sister of Charity went to the field that day, and only one for many days afterward.

Irene could not recover from the shock of this legal notice. It found her less prepared than she had been at any time during the last two years of separation. Her life at Ivy Cliff had not been favorable to a spirit of antagonism and accusation, nor favorable to a self-approving judgment of herself when the past came up, as it often came, strive as she would to cover it as with a veil. She had grown, in this night of suffering, less self-willed and blindly impulsive. Some scales had dropped from her eyes, and she saw clearer. Yet, no repentance for that one act of her life, which involved a series of consequences beyond the reach of conjecture, had found a place in her heart. There was no looking back from this—no sober questioning as to the right or necessity which had been involved. There had been one great mistake—so she decided the case—and

that was the marriage. From this fatal error all subsequent evil was born.

Months of waiting and expectation followed, and then came a decree annulling the marriage.

"It is well," was the simple response of Irene when notice of the fact reached her.

Not even to Rose Carman did she reveal a thought that took shape in her mind, nor betray a single emotion that trembled in her heart. If there had been less appearance of indifference—less avoidance of the subject—her friends would have felt more comfortable as to her state of mind. The unnatural repose of exterior was, to them, significant of a strife within which she wished to conceal from all eyes.

About this time her true, loving friend, Miss Carman, married. Irene did not stand as one of the bridesmaids at the ceremony. Rose gently hinted her wishes in the case, but Irene shrank from the position, and her feeling was respected. The husband of Rose was a merchant, residing in New York, named Everett. After a short bridal tour she went to her new home in the city. Mr. Everett was five or six years her senior, and a man worthy to be her life-companion. No sudden attachment had grown up between them. For years they had been in the habit of meeting, and, in this time, the character of each had been clearly read by the other. When Mr. Everett asked the maiden's hand, it was yielded without a sign of hesitation.

The removal of Rose from the neighborhood of Ivy Cliff greatly disturbed the even-going tenor of Irene's life. It withdrew, also, a prop on which she had leaned—often, in times of weakness, which would recur, very heavily.

"How can I live without you?" she said, in tears, as she sat alone with the new made bride on the eve of her departure; "you have been everything to me, Rose: strength in weakness; light, when all around was cold and dark; a guide when I had lost my way. God bless and make you happy, darling! And he will. Hearts like yours create happiness wherever they go."

"My new home will only be a few hours distant," replied Rose; "I shall see you there often."

Irene sighed. She had been to the city only a few times since that sad day of separation from her husband. Could she return again and enter one of its bright social circles? Her heart said no. But, love drew her too strongly. In less than a month after Rose became the mistress of a stately mansion, Irene was her

guest. This was just six years from the time when she set up her home there, a proud and happy young wife. Alas! that hearth was desolate, "its bright fire quenched and gone."

It was best for Irene thus to get back again into a wider social sphere—to make some new friends, and those of a class that such a woman as Mrs. Everett would, naturally, draw around her. Three years of suffering, and the effort to lead a life of self-denial and active interest in others, had wrought in Irene a great change. The old, flashing ardor of manner was gone. If she grew animated in conversation, as she often did from temperament, her face would light up beautifully, but it did not show the radiance of old times. Thought, more than feeling, gave its living play to her countenance. All who met her were attracted; as her history was known observation naturally took the form of close scrutiny. People wished to find the angular and repellent sides of her character in order to see how far she might be to blame. But they were not able to discover them. On the subjects of woman's rights, domestic tyranny, sexual equality, and all kindred themes, she was guarded in speech. She never introduced them herself, and said but little when they formed the staple of conversation.

Even if, in three years of intimate, almost daily association with Rose, she had not learned to think in some new directions on these bewildering questions, certain womanly instincts must have set a seal upon her lips. Not for all the world would she, to a stranger—no, nor to any new friend—utter a sentiment that could, in the least degree, give color to the thought that she wished to throw even the faintest shadow of blame on Hartley Emerson. Not that she was ready to take blame to herself, or give the impression that fault rested by her door. No. The subject was sacred to herself, and she asked no sympathy and granted no confidences. There were those who sought to draw her out, who watched her face and words with keen intentness when certain themes were discussed. But they were unable to reach the penetralia of her heart. There was a chamber of record there into which no one could enter but herself.

Since the separation of Irene from her husband, Mr. Delancy had shown signs of rapid failure. His heart was bound up in his daughter, who, with all her captious self-will and impulsive, loved him with a tenderness and fervor that never knew change or eclipse. To see her make shipwreck of life's dearest hopes—to know that her name was spoken by hundreds

in reprobation—to look, "daily, on her quiet, changing, suffering face, was more than his fond heart could bear. It broke him down. This fact, more, perhaps, than her own sad experiences, tended to sober the mind of Irene, and leave it almost passive under the right influences of her wise young friend.

After the removal of Rose from the neighborhood of Ivy Cliff, the health of Mr. Delancy failed still more rapidly, and in a few months the brief visits of Irene to her friend in New York had to be intermittent. She could no longer venture to leave her father, even under the care of their faithful Margaret. A sad winter for Irene succeeded. Mr. Delancy drooped about until after Christmas, in a weary, listless way, taking little interest in anything, and bearing both physical and mental consciousness as a burden it would be pleasant to lay down. Early in January he had to give up and go to bed; and now the truth of his condition startled the mind of Irene and filled her with alarm. By slow, insidious encroachments, that dangerous enemy, typhoid fever, had gained a lodgment in the very citadel of life, and boldly revealed itself, defying the healer's art. For weeks the dim light of mortal existence burned with a low, wavering flame, that any sudden breath of air might extinguish; then it grew steady again, increased, and sent a few brighter rays into the darkness which had gathered around Ivy Cliff.

Spring found Mr. Delancy strong enough to sit, propped up with pillows, by the window of his chamber, and look out upon the newly mantled trees, the green fields, and the bright river flashing in the sunshine. The heart of Irene took courage again. The cloud which had lain upon it all winter, like a funereal pall, dissolved, and went floating away and wasting itself in dim expanses.

Alas, that all this sweet promise was but a mockery of hope! A sudden cold, how taken it was almost impossible to tell, for Irene guarded her father as tenderly as if he were a new-born infant, disturbed life's delicate equipoise, and the scale turned, fatally, the wrong way.

Poor Irene! She had only staggered under former blows—this one struck her down. Had life anything to offer now? "Nothing! nothing!" she said in her heart, and prayed that she might die and be at rest with her father.

Months of stupor followed this great sorrow; then her heart began to beat again with some interest in life. There was one friend—almost her only friend—for she now repelled nearly

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every one who approached her—who never failed in hopeful, comforting, stimulating words and offices—who visited her frequently in her recluse life at Ivy Cliff, and sought with untiring assiduity to win her once more away from its dead seclusion. And she was, at last, successful. In the winter after Mr. Delaney's death, Irene, after much earnest persuasion, consented to pass a few weeks in the city with Mrs. Everet. This gained, her friend was certain of all the rest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gradually the mind of Irene attained clearness of perception as to duty, and a firmness of will that led her to act in obedience to what reason and religion taught her was right. The leading idea which Mrs. Everet endeavored to keep before her was this:—That no happiness is possible except in some work that removes self-consciousness, and fills our minds with an interest in the well-being of others. While Rose was at Ivy Cliff Irene acted with her, and was sustained by her love and companionship. After her marriage and removal to New York, Irene was left to stand alone, and this tried her strength. It was feeble. The sickness and death of her father drew her back again into herself, and for a time extinguished all interest in what was on the outside. To awaken a new and higher life was the aim of her friend, and she never wearied in her generous efforts. During this winter plans were matured for active usefulness in the old spheres, and Mrs. Everet promised to pass as much time in the next summer with her father, as possible, so as to act with Irene in the development of these schemes.

The first warm days of summer found Irene back again in her home at Ivy Cliff. Her visit in New York had been prolonged far beyond the limit assigned to it in the beginning; but Rose would not consent to an earlier return. This winter of daily life with Mrs. Everet, in the unreserved intercourse of home, was of great use to Irene. Affliction had mellowed all the harder portions of her disposition, which the trouble and experiences of the past few years could not reach with their softening influences. There was good soil in her mind, well prepared, and the sower failed not in the work of scattering good seed upon it with a liberal hand—seed that felt soon a quickening life, and swelled in the delight of coming germination.

It is not our purpose to record the history of Irene during the years of her discipline at Ivy Cliff, where she lived, nun-like, for the larger

part of her time. She had useful work there, and in its faithful performance peace came to her troubled soul. Three or four times every year she paid a visit to Rose, and spent, on each occasion, from one to three or four weeks. It could not but happen that, in these visits, congenial friendships would be made, and tender remembrances go back with her into the seclusion of her country home, to remain as sweet companions in her hours of loneliness.

It was something remarkable that, during the six or seven years which followed Irene's separation from her husband, she had never seen him. He was still a resident of New York, and well known as a rapidly advancing member of the bar. Occasionally his name met her eyes in the newspapers, as connected with some important suit; but, beyond this, his life was, to her, a dead letter. He might be married again, for all she knew to the contrary. But, she never dwelt on that thought; its intrusion always disturbed her, and that profoundly.

And how was it with Hartley Emerson? Had he again tried the experiment which once so signally failed? No—he had not ventured upon the sea whose depths held the richest vessel he had freighted in life. Visions of loveliness had floated before him, and he had been lured by them, a few times, out of his beaten path. But he carried in his memory a picture that, when his eyes turned inward, held their gaze so fixedly, that all other images grew dim or unlovely. And so, with a sigh, he would turn again to the old way, and move on as before.

But, the past was irrevocable. "And shall I," he began to say to himself, "for this one great error of my youth—this blind mistake—pass a desolate and fruitless life?"

Oftener and oftener the question was repeated in his thoughts, until it found answer in an emphatic No! Then he looked around with a new interest, and went more into society. Soon, one fair face came more frequently before the eyes of his mind than any other face. He saw it, as he sat in his law office, saw it on the page of his book as he read in the evening, lying over the printed words and hiding from his thoughts their meaning; saw it in dreams. The face haunted him. How long was this since that fatal night of discord and separation? Ten years. So long! Yes, so long. Ten weary years had made their record upon his book of life and upon hers. Ten weary years! The discipline of this time had not worked on either any moral deterioration. Both were yet

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sound to the core, and both were building up characters based on the broad foundations of virtue.

Steadily that face grew into a more living distinctness, haunting his daily thoughts and nightly visions. Then new life-pulses began to throb in his heart; new emotions to tremble over its long calm surface; new warmth to flow, spring-like, into the indurated soil. This face, which had begun thus to dwell with him, was the face of a maiden, beautiful to look upon. He had met her often during a year, and from the beginning of their acquaintance she had interested him. If he erred not, the interest was mutual. From all points of view, he now commenced studying her character. Having made one mistake, he was fearful and guarded. Better go on a lonely man to the end of life, than again have his love-freighted bark buried in mid-ocean.

At last, Emerson was satisfied. He had found the sweet being whose life could blend, in eternal oneness, with his own; and it only remained for him to say to her in words, what she had read as plainly as written language in his eyes. So far as she was concerned, no impediment existed. We will not say that she was ripe enough in soul to wed with this man, who had passed through experiences of a kind that always develop the character broadly and deeply. No, for such was not the case. She was too young and inexperienced to understand him; too narrow in her range of thought; too much a child. But something in her beautiful, innocent, sweet young face had won his heart, and in the weakness of passion, not in the manly strength of a deep love, he had bowed down to a shrine at which he could never worship and be satisfied.

But even strong men are weak in woman's toils, and Hartley Emerson was a captive.

There was to be a pleasure party on one of the steamers that cut the bright waters of the fair Hudson, and Emerson and the maiden whose face was now his daily companion, were to be of the number. He felt that the time had come for him to speak, if he meant to speak at all—to say what was in his thought, or turn aside and let another woo and win the lovely being imagination had already pictured as the sweet companion of his future home. The night that preceded this excursion was a sleepless one for Hartley Emerson. Questions and doubts, scarcely defined in his thoughts before, pressed themselves upon him, and demanded a solution. The past came up with a vividness not experienced for years. In states of semi-

consciousness—half sleeping, half waking—there returned to him such life-like realizations of events long ago recorded in his memory, and covered over with the dust of time, that he started from them to full wakefulness, with a heart throbbing in wild tumult. Once, there was presented so vivid a picture of Irene that for some moments he was unable to satisfy himself that all these ten years of loneliness were not a dream. He saw her as she stood before him on that ever-to-be-remembered night, and said, "*I go!*" Let us turn back, and read the record of her appearance as he saw her then and now:—

"She had raised her eyes from the floor, and turned them full upon her husband. Her face was not so pale. Warmth had come back to the delicate skin, flushing it with beauty. She did not stand before him an impersonation of anger, dislike, or rebellion. There was not a repulsive attitude or expression. No flashing of the eyes, nor even the cold, diamond-glitter seen a little while before. Slowly turning away she left the room. But, to her husband, she seemed still standing there, a lovely vision. There had fallen, in that instant of time, a sunbeam which fixed the image upon his memory in imperishable colors."

Emerson groaned as he fell back upon his pillow, and shut his eyes. What would he not then have given for one full draught of Lethe's fabled waters.

Morning came at last, its bright beams dispersing the shadows of night; and with it came back the warmth of his new passion, and his purpose on that day, if the opportunity came, to end all doubt by offering the maiden his hand—we do not say heart; for of that he was not the full possessor.

The day opened charmingly; and the pleasure-party were on the wing betimes. Emerson felt a sense of exhilaration as the steamer passed out from her moorings, and glided with easy grace along the city front. He stood upon her deck, with a maiden's hand resting on his arm, the touch of which, though light as the pressure of a flower, was felt with strange distinctness. The shadows of the night, which had brooded so darkly over his spirit, were gone, and only a dim remembrance of the gloom remained. Onward the steamer glided, sweeping by the crowded line of buildings, and moving grandly along through palisades of rock on one side, and picturesque landscapes on the other, until bolder scenery stretched away, and mountain barriers raised themselves against the blue horizon.

There were a large number of passengers on board, scattered over the decks, or lingering in the cabins, as inclination prompted. The observer of faces and character had field enough for study. But Hartley Emerson was not inclined to read in the book of character on this occasion. One subject occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of all others. There had come a period that was full of interest, and fraught with momentous consequences which must extend through all of his after years. He saw little but the maiden at his side—thought of little but his purpose to ask her to walk with him, a soul-companion, in the journey of life.

During the first hour there was a constant moving to and fro, and the taking up of new positions by the passengers—a hum and buzz of conversation—laughing—exclamations—gay talk and enthusiasm. Then a quieter tone prevailed. Solitary individuals took places of observation; groups seated themselves in pleasant circles to chat, and couples drew away into cabins or retired places, or continued the promenade.

Among the latter were Emerson and his companion. Purposely he had drawn the fair girl away from their party, in order to get the opportunity he desired. He did not mean to startle her with an abrupt proposal here, in the very eye of observation, but to advance toward the object by slow approaches, marking well the effect of his words, and receding the moment he saw that, in beginning to comprehend him, her mind showed repulsion or marked disturbance.

Thus it was with them when the boat entered the highlands and swept onward with wind-like speed. They were in one of the gorgeously furnished cabins, sitting together on a sofa. There had been earnest talk, but on some subject of taste. Gradually, Emerson changed the theme, and began approaching the one nearest to his heart. Slight embarrassment followed; his voice took on a different tone; it was lower, tenderer, more deliberate and impressive. He leaned closer, and the maiden did not retire. She understood him, and was waiting the pleasure of his speech with heart-throbbings that seemed as if they must be audible in his ears as well as her own.

The time had come. Everything was propitious. The words that would have sealed his fate and hers were on his lips, when, looking up, he knew not why, but under an impulse of the moment, he met two calm eyes resting upon him with an expression that sent the blood leaping back to his heart. Two calm eyes, and

a pale, calm face, were before him for a moment—then they vanished in the crowd. But, he knew them, though ten years lay between the last vision and this.

The words that were on his lips died unspoken. He could not have uttered them if life or death hung on the issue. No—no—no. A dead silence followed.

“Are you ill?” asked his companion, looking at him anxiously.

“No—O no,” he replied, trying to rally himself.

“But you are ill, Mr. Emerson. How pale your face is!”

“It will pass off in a moment.” He spoke with an effort to appear self-possessed. “Let us go on deck,” he added, rising. “There are a great many people in the cabin, and the atmosphere is oppressive.”

A dead weight fell upon the maiden’s heart as she arose and went on deck by the side of Mr. Emerson. She had noticed his sudden pause and glance across the cabin, at the instant she was holding her breath for his next words, but did not observe the object, a sight of which had wrought on him so remarkable a change. They walked nearly the entire length of the boat after getting on deck, before Mr. Emerson spoke. He then remarked on the boldness of the scenery, and pointed out interesting localities; but in so absent and preoccupied a way that his companion listened without replying. In a little while he managed to get into the neighborhood of three or four of their party, with whom he left her, and moving away, took a position on the upper deck, just over the gangway from which the landings were made. Here he remained until the boat came to at a pier on which his feet had stepped lightly many, many times. Ivy Cliff was only a little way distant, hidden from view by a belt of forest trees. The ponderous machinery stood still, the plunging wheels stopped their muffled roar, and in the brooding silence that followed three or four persons stepped on the plank which had been thrown out, and passed to the shore. A single form alone fixed the eyes of Hartley Emerson. He would have known it, on the instant, among a thousand. It was that of Irene. Her step was slow, like one abstracted in mind, or like one in feeble health. After gaining the landing she stood still, and turned toward the boat, when their eyes met again—met, and held each other by a spell which neither had power to break. The fastenings were thrown off, the engineer rung his bell; there was a clatter of machinery, a

rush of waters, and the boat glanced onwards. Then Irene started like one suddenly aroused from sleep, and walked rapidly away.

And thus they met for the first time after a separation of ten years!

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

“A HUNDRED DOLLARS.”

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER L

“My pony has grown very lame coming down the road, so I stopped here to see if anybody could tell me what is the matter.”

She had one of those bright young voices that slid along the words as lightly as one of Moore's poems slides into some sweet air.

I despair of conveying that picture to you with any painting of my pen, and yet it was such a perfect one, so full of fine shades and contrasts, so real, so impromptu, yet so perfect, that I cannot pass by it.

In the frontispiece, then, was the girl speaker, with one hand grasping a small silver-mounted riding-whip, and the fingers of the other closed over her bridle.

She was a pretty creature, whose life must have hovered somewhere about its fourteenth year, with a sweet, delicate face, where smiles were forever sliding in and out, chasing themselves up into the deep blue eyes, and round among the dimples that sat by the small, coral mouth. Her features were clear and soft, but with nothing of that *doll look* which one often meets with in girls of her age, and which is more repellent than almost any conceivable degree of homeliness, especially to a shrewd observer, who is tolerably certain what sort of a woman it prophesies.

The girl wore a simple black riding dress, whose heavy folds almost swept the grass, and the little dainty riding cap with its solitary sable plume brushing her shoulder, gave a certain dignity and picturesqueness to the bright face and small figure. She sat her horse with easy, natural grace. He was a small, black, glossy, beautiful Canadian pony, and his large, bright eyes had in them a look of almost human intelligence.

In the background was a blacksmith's shop, or shed, as the little, old, sooty, tumble-down structure had better been denominated.

A boy stood in the door of this building, holding a horse shoe in one hand, for he had sprung from the forge where he was heating it, at the girl's summons; he was small for his years, which were fifteen. A straw hat, ragged

and rimless, was set down on a thick, tangled heap of hair; he wore a blue cotton shirt, and an old patched pair of trowsers, his face and hands were begrimed and sooty from his recent labor, and though he added a great deal to the effect of the picture, he was a dirty, ragged, poverty-stricken spectacle.

“There's nobody else in the shop, but perhaps I can tell what's hurt him,” said the boy, answering the girl's question in a straightforward, respectful way, that somehow would have made you turn and look at him again.

She did; the boy's reply, and not his appearance, must have decided her, for she answered a little doubtfully, “Well, I shall be much obliged to you if you will look and see, as I hate to keep on, he limps so.”

The boy came forward. “Which foot is it?” he asked.

“The right fore-foot.”

“He wont kick, will he?”

“Oh, no, he's perfectly gentle. You're a good horse, aren't you, Valiant?” and she stroked the glossy neck of the animal with her small hand, while the boy raised his leg and examined it carefully.

“He's stuck a nail into it, and it hurts him.”

“Oh, dear, what shall I do?”

“I guess I can take it out for you. I've seen Uncle Jake do it a good many times.”

“But wont it hurt him?”

“Not much; not half so much as it does now.”

“Well, then, I should like to have you try.”

In a few moments the boy returned with an old pair of forceps. “Hadn't you better get off?” he said; “most horses are likely to rear and kick afore the nail comes out.”

“Oh, I'm not in the least afraid,” and she sat still, now watching the boy as he set about the operation, now stroking her pony's glossy neck, and exclaiming, in a voice of great concern—“it's too bad—there's a good Valiant. Does the dreadful nail hurt him?”

And the beautiful animal stood perfectly quiet while the boy was extracting the nail, only two or three times during the operation he groaned a low groan, that was like a suffering human being's, and which elicited a fresh caress, and new expressions of sympathy from his mistress.

At last the boy held up the nail triumphantly. “There it is!”

“Dear me! what a great, crooked, ugly thing! I'm afraid he'll never get over it.”

“Oh, yes he will. I've known lots of horses

that did. You'll only have to let him lay quiet for two or three days."

"How much must I pay you?" and she slipped her hand into the pocket of her dress.

The boy lifted his eyes to the girl, and she noticed for the first time what large, bright, intelligent eyes they were, of a misty sort of brown hue, which fairly redeemed and spiritualized the begrimed face.

"I shant charge you anything. I don't wish for any pay," said the boy.

I believe persons who possess "grace of soul," who are innately gentle, fine grained, have usually an intuitive recognition of this in others. The girl looked down on the tattered dress and the begrimed face, with a new curiosity and respect.

"I—I wish you would let me pay you," she said hesitatingly, as she would to some one who had placed her under an obligation, and whom she half feared would take offence at her offer.

The boy half smiled. "I didn't expect to have you, though. It didn't take me but a moment."

"Well, you have done me a great favor, and I am more obliged to you than I can say."

"You are very welcome," and a flush of pleasure stole up the soiled face.

"But if you wont let me pay you, you must let me do you a favor in turn sometime, if I can. Wont you promise me this?"

"Yes, I will."

"You musn't forget now, for I shant, and I am in sober earnest. If I can ever serve you in any way just come and tell me, and I'll do it."

"But I shant know where to find you."

"Oh, I forgot; my name is Evelyn Lenard, and I live at Squire Lenard's, in the great cream-colored house on the hill at Rockwood. It's only about three miles from here."

"I've seen the house," answered the boy.

"Well, if you ever want to see me you'll find me there. Now, will you tell me your name?"

"Leonard Hughes. I'm very much obliged to you for your offer."

"You haven't any reason to be. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," and she rode off; and the boy stood still and watched her as her figure grew smaller down the road, with the summer sunset setting her in a gorgeous framework of red and gold.

The boy picked up the shoe and returned to the anvil, and the sparks rose and fell in

dazzling showers, as though they were golden buds and blossoms showered from unseen boughs upon him.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, Charlie, you are a great bother! Just see, now, how you've tangled my silk!" and she drew away the spool from the youth's fingers, and playfully doubled up her white hand, and held it threateningly in his face, when she saw the tangles he had made in the crimson skein.

"Well, Eva, you know I shant be here only two days longer, so you can comfort yourself by thinking your trial is almost over."

"I shall think, instead, that you'll have to go without your purse if you don't let this silk alone," disentangling the knots.

"How much have you got done?"

"Oh, 'bly about half," and she held up a mass of fringes, and tassels, and embroidery, with silver beads flashing in and out of the crimson netting.

"It's beautiful, Eva," said the youth, fingering it admiringly.

It was a warm, luscious, misty autumn morning, full of sleepy sunshine and dozing winds, and Evelyn Lenard and her cousin, Charles Dean, sat near the open window of the south sitting-room of Squire Lenard's large gray stone house on the hill. It was a broad, stately, substantial residence, and it looked over ample grounds, laid out with taste and wealth, and beyond these to meadows mounted with silver streams; and still farther off, to great hills with hoods of mist fluted close round their foreheads.

Charles Dean had just touched his seventeenth year; he was fitting for college, and his mother was the squire's only sister. He was a slender, dark, handsome youth, good-natured and intelligent, though a life of indulgence and luxury had not developed the best part of his character. He came to his uncle's to pass part of every summer vacation, and was very fond of his cousin, Evelyn Lenard.

But while the cousins were sitting together that morning, and Charles watched the girl's needles and fingers flash in and out of their work, the door suddenly opened, and a servant thrust her head inside.

"Miss Evelyn, there's a boy here says he wants to see you."

"What can he want? How does he look?" putting down her work.

"Not like much of anybody; but he

wouldn't tell me his errand; he says he must see you."

"I can't imagine who it is."

"Some beggar, most likely. I'll go and send him off," said Charles Dean, lazily lifting his graceful figure from the lounge.

"I forgot, Miss Evelyn," said the servant, reopening the door, "to tell you that the boy said his name was Leonard Hughes."

"Oh, I know who it is now," springing up with animation.

"And I should like to know what he's come to take you away from me for," added her cousin, looking as though he should be quite willing to accompany her.

But Eva hurried away without speaking.

She found Leonard Hughes in the front hall; he had evidently taken a good deal of pains in preparing himself for this interview. His face and hands were perfectly clean, and he wore a faded brown coat and black cap; on the whole, his appearance was considerably improved.

"Good morning," in that bright, cordial way which at once relieved his embarrassment. "I knew who it was as soon as the girl told me your name."

"Did you?" his face brightening at once; "I was afraid you'd forget."

"Oh, no. I haven't forgotten what I promised you, either."

But the boy did not answer. He only sat still, awkwardly twisting his brown fingers amongst each other.

"Come, now, don't be afraid. Whatever it is, speak it out."

And then Leonard Hughes gained courage, and told his story to his sympathetic listener. It was a sad, sad tale, for he was an orphan, without a friend or a dollar in the world. His mother and father had died before he could remember them, and his uncle, the "village blacksmith," had taken him into his own family. He was a coarse, harsh man, with a termagant for a wife, and half a dozen noisy, obstreperous children. His life had come up to its fifteenth year, amid these harsh surroundings and associations, and his uncle had determined to bring him up to the blacksmith's trade.

But of late the boy's soul had utterly revolted at the work to which he was destined; he had not revealed his abhorrence of the business to his uncle, or any of the family, as it would only bring down a world of invective and ridicule upon his head, for he was no favorite amongst his relatives, as they felt, rather than

understood, the antagonism betwixt his character and theirs, for Leonard was a quiet, thoughtful boy, and loved long rambles in the woods, and to read old books and newspapers, instead of the noisy sports of the blacksmith's robust children.

For the last year or two his home had become quite intolerable to him, and he had entertained many thoughts of leaving it, but he was an ignorant "country boy," without friends or money, and he had nowhere to go.

But a couple of weeks ago, while he was working at the anvil, the memory of Evelyn's promise had suddenly flashed into his mind, and—

All this, in substance, Leonard Hughes related to the squire's daughter that morning, and if you had seen his bright, honest face, and listened to his words, you would no more have doubted them than she did.

"And so you plucked up courage, at last, and came to me?" said the girl, taking up the words where Leonard had left them off.

"Yes; that's it."

"Well, what in the world would you like to do—if you had your choice, I mean?"

"I should like to go to school—but, I haven't any money, or any way to get any, only I thought I'd come and tell you this, and perhaps you'd know of some place where I could go and work very hard, and study a little. Can you think of any?" and the deep brown eyes asked the question more eagerly even, than the lips did.

"I'll try," answered the squire's daughter, "though I can't think of any now."

"Thank you," said Leonard Hughes, rising up, and his face said something more.

"It will take me a little time to do anything for you, but suppose you come here next Wednesday morning and ask for me?"

"I'll come, unless we have some job on hand."

"Good morning," and the squire's daughter slipped her small, dimpled hand, into the hard, brown one of the little blacksmith.

"Well, Eva, I should like to know what that boy wanted that he kept you so long," said Charles Dean a little pettishly, when his cousin returned.

"Oh, just a little matter of business," answered the girl, without observing his tones; and she sat down and took up her work quietly; and there was a thoughtful, abstracted expression on her face.

The young man watched her in silence for awhile, at last he caught her chin in the hol-

low of his hand, and holding it up, said, "tell me, coz, what is the matter?"

"I don't know but I better. Perhaps you can help me."

"I'll promise to, if it's possible," replied her cousin.

And so Evelyn told the story of her first interview with the blacksmith's nephew, and of the pitiful tale which she had heard from his lips that morning.

At first Charles Dean was disposed to make a joke of the whole thing, but his cousin's earnestness stopped this.

"Don't, Charlie; I want to do that boy some good, and I want you, in remembrance of your promise, to help me."

He had generous impulses that could be easily stimulated. "Well, Eva, what is it you want me to do?"

"Don't you know of some school which he could enter and work for his board? I guess I could raise the money, some way, to pay for his tuition."

Charlie sat in a brown study for the next five minutes; at last he broke out: "I've thought of a capital plan. There's my old teacher, Mr. Daniels, he'll take the boy, I'm almost certain."

"And when will you see him?" very eagerly.

"Just as soon as I get back."

"Oh, Charlie, you're such a harum-scarum fellow, I'm afraid you'll forget it as soon as you get among your classmates."

"No I shant," drawing out some ivory tablets and a gold pencil, and scribbling on them for a moment; "I'll see Mr. Daniels the very day that I get back. He's a very generous man, and always likes to help poor boys to an education; besides, I happen to be a great favorite with him."

So it was all duly arranged between the cousins before dinner.

Charles Dean was true to his word. The third day of his return Evelyn received a letter from him, stating that his application had been so far successful that Mr. Daniels had agreed to receive the boy into his school for a hundred dollars the first year, and if he proved capable and energetic, to permit him afterward to defray his expenses by his own exertions.

And Evelyn Lenard read this letter over three times, with a strange seriousness on her sweet face. Suddenly it cleared up. "I'll go right off to papa and ask him," she said.

CHAPTER III.

There was a faint rap at the library door.

"Come in, my child."

Squire Lenard looked up as his daughter entered. He was writing, and the table at which he sat was strewn with books and papers. He was a tall, portly gentleman, with a stern, cold face and manner. Everybody called him a hard man, at least everybody who went to him for sympathy or help.

He was a very rich man, but he never had any kind words, never reached a helping hand to the struggling or the sinning; in short, he was a proud, cold, selfish man.

But there was one flower which shed its perfume about the arid desert of Squire Lenard's life, and that was his love for the only child his wife had brought him before they covered her fair head with the green wrappings of May.

Evelyn's memories of her mother were a few faint strands which linked the parent and child together, for Mrs. Lenard had never seen the fourth birthday of her daughter.

She was a gentle, graceful, fragile woman, almost a score of years younger than her husband, and Evelyn had inherited something of the sweetness and grace of her mother's character.

Squire Lenard looked up, and his face softened as his fair child came toward him. "Well, what is it, Eva?" for her face was full of a petition as she seated herself on his knee, and run up her small fingers in his iron-gray hair.

"You know next week is my birthday, papa."

"Is it possible? How time flies!"

"Yes; I shall be fifteen next week, and you know you'll make me a birthday present then?"

"How do I know it, Pussy?"

"Oh, because you can't help it," with a shake of the golden hair and the head it crowned with its abundant beauty. "And now, papa, instead of the present I want that you should give me some money?"

"What in the world do you want with money?"

"I can't tell you—it's a secret, but I want it more than I can tell."

"You do, eh? Well, how much will satisfy your little ladyship?"

"A hundred dollars."

"Whew! what an extravagant girl she is!"

"I can't help it, papa. I won't ask you for a dollar more in an age; but it's my birthday present, you know."

Squire Lenard opened a small compartment

in his writing-table, and took out five twenty dollar coins, and slipped the shining pieces into Eva's hand.

"She'll ruin her father one of these days, if she goes on after this fashion," he said.

"No she won't, either," putting her white arms round his neck and kissing him. "Oh, papa, I thank you as many times as there are dollars here!"

"Is all this really mine!" and Leonard Hughes looked at the money which Evelyn Lenard had slipped into his brown hand, and then in the bright face of the girl before him, with that strange, bewildered gaze which one wears waking out from unconsciousness.

"Yes, Leonard, it's all yours; and I wrote to Cousin Charlie to engage the place for you next week. I've got Jane, our seamstress, to promise she'll fix over a couple of suits of clothes for you that he left here. I'm sure they'll fit you nicely."

The young blacksmith tried to answer, but the words broke down against his teeth, his face worked, and at last he burst into tears.

"Why, now, I didn't suppose you'd take it like that, when everything turned out so nicely!" but it was quite an effort for her to get the words out fairly, and her eyes shone with something that was not a laugh, this time.

"Miss Evelyn," said the boy, recovering himself in a moment—and there was a kind of solemn dignity in his manner—"I can't tell you that I thank you for this money you've lent me, but I shall prove it to you some day."

"Oh, I don't *lend* it—it's a gift, you know." The boy shook his head. "No, I shall pay you sometime," and a little flush kindled under his brown cheeks.

"Well, we won't talk about that now. You're sure your uncle won't oppose your going?"

"He'll be ready enough to get rid of me, for he's often said that I didn't earn the salt to my porridge."

"Well, he'll say something quite different some day, I fancy."

The boy did not answer, but there flashed up on his face, and settled down on his thin lips, a prophecy of his future.

CHAPTER IV.
"Come, girls, put on your things."
"I don't believe it will pay to go, Charlie."
"Oh, yes it will, Mary. We're to have the finest lecture in the course to-night. I forgot

the speaker's name, but I'll promise you a banquet which it will not do to lose."

They were sitting together in the parlor alone—the gentleman and the two ladies.

Both were young and both were beautiful; she who answered the gentleman was a stately brunette, with brown eyes and oval features. I think that the mouth was somewhat cold and proud in repose, but it could nestle into smiles which told their own story of the good and loving heart beneath them.

The other lady sat by the table quite absorbed in the book she was reading, and looking on her you would have thought of a lily opening its luscious life amid still, deep currents in the shadow of great mountains.

Ten years had gone over Evelyn Lenard, and if you had linked that day when she sat on her horse before the blacksmith's shop with this night, you would hardly have believed it, for the child-look had not gone off her face, though it had softened and matured.

The squire had been dead for three of these years; he had engaged in some heavy mining speculations, which had greatly disappointed him, and his chagrin and anxiety brought on the fever of which he died.

Evelyn was the sole heiress to his property, but his speculations had well nigh ruined the squire, and only a few thousands fell to his daughter, enough, however, to support her comfortably and independently, and she had removed to the city and resided with her Cousin Charles ever since his marriage, which transpired soon after the death of his uncle.

"I don't believe the lecture will be half as good as my book," said Evelyn, as she closed her volume half reluctantly.

"You'll think differently when you return; but it won't do to delay, for the house will be crowded," answered the gentleman.

The lecture was closed, and the young speaker sat down with an air of exhaustion, while the plaudits of his hearers fairly shook the lofty building.

The lecture had not been simply a grand effort at oratorical display, dazzling and overwhelming the hearers with brilliant and startling rhetoric, but its sound logic, its grasp of thought, its intellectual air, were all embodied in simple, earnest, forcible language. His imagination was rather clear and crystalline than fervid and tropical, more like a limpid brook than a rushing torrent, though his peroration was set with many gorgeous arabesques of thought.

But what was more than all the rest, was the moral power of the lecture. None of that vast audience had listened to it without being stimulated to a higher life and nobler purposes, and all must have felt anew the sublime beauty and grandeur of that truth, that there was a living God reigning in all the affairs of nations and of men—taking counsel of none, but out of his own "infinite leisure" going on calmly and serenely above all the storms and darkness of time, to the accomplishment of His own blessed purposes of peace and good will to man.

"Well, Eva, you're not sorry you left your book to-night?"

"Oh, no; this lecture has done me good, Charlie."

They were passing slowly out amid the crowd, when the young lawyer made this remark to his cousin, and it happened that they were on one side of the platform, and just in view of the speaker, who was now surrounded by several gentlemen.

His glance suddenly swept on them, and it halted at Evelyn Lenard's face. A change came over him, he leaned forward, and there was a breathless interrogation of her face.

Then, with a hasty apology, he sprang out and intercepted the lady and her cousins at the door.

"Excuse me, madam, but do I have the honor of addressing Miss Evelyn Lenard?"

"That is my name, sir," and the faces of the three told their bewilderment and surprise.

"And you do not know me?"

Evelyn Lenard looked into the thin face, "so bright about the eyes, so sharply cut around the mouth," and over the lithe, slender figure.

"I do not remember you, sir."

"I fancied that you would, though probably the years have changed me more than they have you. But you have not forgotten the name of Leonard Hughes, the blacksmith's nephew?"

Her face suddenly leaped into recognition, and placing her little hands in his, she said, with the tears thrilling her eyes, "Oh, I am glad to see you, Mr. Hughes!"

There was little time for speech or congratulation then, but Mr. Hughes was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Dean, and receiving their address, promised to call before the week was over.

And after they had learned the whole story of their cousin's acquaintance with the lecturer,

the young cousins were profuse in their ejaculations of surprise and delight, but Evelyn sat very quiet, with her blue eyes on the hands which she had folded in her lap, only murmuring occasionally to herself, "Who could have believed it!"

Leonard Hughes was true to his promise. He called to see Evelyn Lenard before the week was out, and very often afterward, for he had much to tell her of the long, long struggles betwixt poverty and the desires and purposes which never grew faint or wavered in his soul, and of his final triumph.

And Evelyn listened to his story until the tears stood still on her cheeks as she murmured, "Oh, Mr. Hughes, I don't see how you ever held out and conquered all these obstacles and trials."

"God helped me," said the young man solemnly; "they have made a better, stronger man of me."

A smile leaped through her tears. "Just as mine will, I hope, make a better, stronger woman of me."

One afternoon in the late spring, when the sunbeams fluttered about the walls like golden winged birds, and the pulses of the earth were full of the stir and expectation of summer, Leonard Hughes and Evelyn Lenard sat alone by one of the front windows in her parlor.

"I am expecting to leave town day after tomorrow," said the gentleman, breaking a long pause which, somehow, had slipped into their conversation, "and I cannot do this without paying a debt which I have owed you quite too long now."

"What debt, Mr. Hughes?"

"That hundred dollars I borrowed of you so many years ago. I have been computing the interest which has accumulated on it. Will you please see whether that is right?" and he laid a roll of bank-notes in the lady's lap.

Her face flushed. "Oh, Mr. Hughes, take back this money. I do not want it."

"But I owe it to you, and—"

"No you don't. It pains me to have you insist on this, when you know I did no more than you would for me."

"I hate to pain you, Miss Lenard," said Leonard Hughes, looking on the girl with his bright, deep-set eyes, until she sheltered her own under her golden lashes, "but somehow, this heavy obligation chafes me, and I want to feel that it is cancelled."

"Well, you may feel that," laying the money on his knee.

"I can't, unless you take the money; unless—yes, there is one other way in which I might be made to feel no longer the obligation."

"What way is that?" her blue eyes filled with wonder.

"Will you promise to consent—no, it isn't fair to ask you without explaining."

"I will promise if I can," with her low, quick laugh slipping out of her lips.

He bent down his head to hers and whispered, "You must take the hundred dollars or give me this," seizing her hand and closing his fingers tightly over it.

She knew what he meant, but she did not move or stir.

"Evelyn, which shall it be?" half releasing her hand.

It nestled softly back into his again, and Leonard Hughes was answered.

HAPPINESS FROM A BANKER'S STAND-POINT.

The "London Spectator" gives us a good story:—"A very curious dinner has just taken place in Madrid, and a private letter gives us a report. We should scarcely venture to meddle with anything so unpretending, but for the thoughts that were uttered there, remarkable alike in their source, and in their esthetical tendency. The eminent banker, M. Salamanca, receives at his table, every Thursday, politicians and journalists of the Moderate party. To this weekly courtesy twelve *gacetilleros* (journalists) recently responded by inviting their opulent host to an entertainment of their own, at one of the modest restaurants of the Spanish capital. The invitation was accepted, and the dinner took place, the cost of the feast being eight reals, or one shilling and ninepence a head. Our correspondent takes up the tale:—'Instead of the basket of flowers usually placed at the centre of the table, stood a pyramid of books, surrounded by the busts of Calderon, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and Velasques. The dinner has been more than modest, and I would never have troubled you with it were it not for M. Salamanca's speech, which, I think, is worthy to be reproduced:—"Gentlemen," said he, "about twenty-five years from this time the old and threadbare cassock of Salamanca, then a student in the university of Granada, might be among the oldest and most worn cassocks of his comrades. When my education was completed I proceeded to Malaga, and made myself a *gacetillero* (journalist) of the *Avissador Malagueno*. The love of gold took

possession of my soul, and it was in Madrid that I found the object of my adoration; but not without the loss of my juvenile illusion. Believe me, gentlemen, *the man who can satisfy all his wishes has no more enjoyment*. Keep the way you have entered on, I advise you. Rothschild's celebrity will cease on the day of his death. Immortality can be earned, but not bought. Here are before you the busts of men who have gloriously cultivated liberal arts; *their busts I have met with throughout the whole of Europe; but nowhere have I found a statue erected in memory of a man who has devoted his life to making money*. To-day I speak to you with my feelings of twenty-two years, for in your company I have forgotten I am a banker, and only thought of my youth and days of gay humor." There is a sequel to the above. It seems that the dinner was concocted in order to hoax the banker. His good sense and earnestness, however, prevailed over the wit of his merry hosts, and instead of finding in him a butt for laughter, he won their respect and admiration."

"WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY."

BY MRS. C. M. LANDON.

SUMMER's soft, warm arms enclasp me,
Winter's dirge is in my ear,
And though crowned with holiest blessings,
Still my heart is cold with fear;
For the radiant beams of morning
Oft in storm-clouds disappear

While life's full, harmonious numbers
Thrill the palpitating air,
Treads my soul with faltering footsteps
In the valleys of Despair;
For I know that Death's high standard
Is uplifted everywhere.

Oh! my loved ones; ye whose presence
Is the life of life to me;
Well I know the sands are passing,
Falling, wasting silently;
And our barque the strand is nearing
Of the great Eternal Sea.

Now my soul expands. Oh! blessing,
That Eternity is ours.
Here, so strong the earthly fetters
That enslave our nobler powers,
That we seldom catch the glory
Of the everlasting bower.

Thus, while Summer's arms enfold us,
Winter's dirge is in our ear,
And though crowned with holiest blessings,
Oft our hearts are cold with fear—
Dreading, lest the beams of morning
Should in storm-clouds disappear.

Longwood, Mo., Feb. 24th, 1860

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE LITTLE GIRL AT THE PALINGS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Concluded.)

Ten years have passed. It was a ripe, golden October morning, full of sleepy winds and of silver mists on the mountains.

An old man stood by the front gate of a large, ample old-fashioned stone house in the old town of Woodstock, and looked off to the meadows, which lay like great green sheets spread before him, with a white rulling of silver streams. You would have liked that old man's face; it had a gentle, placid look, which told at once that the heart beneath was full of the peace and trust of a good old age.

The sleepy winds scattered the snowy locks about the old man's forehead, as flakes of snow are driven about by light gusts in the spring; and there was a smile in his dim gray eyes, as he looked off on that fair landscape, laid asleep in the arms of the October sunshine. A pair of light feet glanced suddenly along the gravel walks leading from the front gate to the house, and a young girl stood at the old man's side.

"Uncle Warren," the low, sweet voice slid along the words, "I was afraid that you might take cold, and so I brought out your hat."

"You are a good, thoughtful little girl, Alice," said the old man, as he took the hat from the girl's hands.

"Not half so much as I ought to be, when I think of all that I owe you, Uncle Warren," looking up fondly in the old man's face.

She was not handsome, but she had an interesting, prepossessing countenance. Her features were of a soft oval, with large, gray-blue eyes, and a mouth about which smiles rose, and glanced and fluttered, as naturally and as sweetly as birds' songs do out of an apple tree, filled with blossoms and dews on a June morning.

But, as the old gentleman and young girl stood by the front gate that morning, a company of strangers from the principal hotel in Woodstock passed by, on their return from a morning walk. The town was, on account of its picturesque scenery and salubrious air, quite a resort for strangers during the summer and early autumn.

Among the guests were two ladies and a gentleman. Both of these former were young, and the elder of the two was a very beautiful woman, dazzling and brilliant, but, after all, I do not think you would have *loved* her face: there was so much pride, which one felt might easily become scorn, about the lips and in the dark eyes. The younger lady did

not seem more than sixteen; and you thought of a half opened rose, when you looked on her. Her golden hair fell in bright curls about her face, and her blue eyes were like a stream full of morning sunbeams.

The gentleman who walked between these ladies was a young, fine-looking man, and his resemblance to the younger one could not be mistaken.

Just as they passed the gate, the girl inadvertently dropped her handkerchief, for she was talking eagerly, and the three were passing on, when a soft voice arrested their attention.

"Miss, Miss, you have dropped your handkerchief."

They all turned and looked on the lady. She was standing just outside the gate, with the missing article in her hand.

"I am very much obliged to you, ma'am," answered the girl, as she received her handkerchief with a smile.

"Of what are you thinking, Annie?" asked the gentleman, after they had resumed their walk.

"That I have seen that young lady's face somewhere, Frank; I am certain of it."

"It struck me as being very familiar; I too have surely seen one like it somewhere."

"Nonsense; it's a mere fancy of yours, Frank Whipple," said the lady, who walked on the gentleman's left hand.

"No, it's not, Gerty," spoke up the eager voice of the girl, "somewhere, at some time of my life, I've met that face before."

They had reached the steps of the hotel by this time; and the conversation was dropped here, some other members of the party claiming their attention.

"Will you be good enough to stop one moment?"

The eager, half tremulous tones reached the young lady, as she closed the front gate of the gray-stone house; she turned hastily, and encountered the sweet face which she remembered passing that way a week before.

"You will pardon me for what must seem a great rudeness in a stranger, but I cannot get over the impression that we have met before. Your face has haunted me for the last week, and I walked down here this afternoon, hoping that I might get a chance to speak with you."

"I do not recall your face," said the lady, with her own sweet smile; "but if you will tell me your name—"

"Oh, yes; it is Whipple—Annie Whipple."

"And mine is Alice Lynne!"

"Is it possible?" they exclaimed, simultaneously,

and in one moment their arms were around each other's necks; and sisters do not often meet, after long partings, as those two girls met there.

Alice persuaded Annie to walk into the house, and taking her up to her own room, they sat down on the lounge by the window, and told, with alternate smiles and tears, the story of the years since they parted.

Alice Lynne had left the school where she was teaching, for the situation of governess in the family of Warren Day, a wealthy old gentleman, who had been for many years an East Indian merchant, and who had retired from business, and returned to his old native town of Woodstock to pass the remainder of his days, with his only niece, a beautiful girl of fifteen, to whom he was greatly attached. His own family had, one by one, fallen away from him, but Emma Day had the face which her aunt wore in her youth, and this made her doubly dear to the heart of the old man. The governess and pupil became much attached to each other; but the beautiful girl inherited the delicate constitution of her mother, and in two years the grasses covered her.

"You will never leave Uncle Warren, Alice; you will stay with him, and be his comfort, as I would have been!" said the dying girl to her young governess, as she bent over her; and the old man remembered his niece's words, and took Alice to his heart, in place of the dead!

And afterward Annie Whipple told her story. Her gentle mother had gone three years before to "Our Father who is in Heaven;" and she was living with her uncle, David Prescott, while Frank was a successful young lawyer in New York.

"We have talked very often of you, Alice, and wondered what had become of you," concluded Annie.

"Well, I wrote you several times, but the letters must have failed to reach you, as I never received any reply," answered Alice, with the tears she had shed, on learning of the death of Mrs. Whipple, standing bright and still on her cheeks.

"Now, Frank, Gerty, isn't it wonderful that I recognized her," exclaimed Annie Whipple, after she had related to her much interested auditors the story of her meeting with Alice Lynne.

"Yes it is," answered the gentleman, laying down his newspaper; I always felt there was something in Alice Lynne, from the hour I looked up and saw her, the little girl at the palings."

"What in the world do you mean, Frank," asked Gertrude Prescott, as she turned her heavy gold bracelet around her delicate wrist.

"Just what I say, my dear Coz. The first time that I ever saw Alice Lynne, was when she stood a poor, little, forlorn looking creature, staring in wistfully at us, while Guy and I were swinging you under the old horse-chestnut. Perhaps you remember it?"

"Goodness! was she the girl?" and a flush slipped

along the lady's haughty face, as her memory went back to that time.

"The very same one. We must all go over and call on her to-night."

"I don't think that I can, possibly," said Gertrude, with an affected yawn. "I expect Guy to-morrow, and I must pack up; for I'm terribly tired of this dull old town."

But it appeared that Frank Whipple and his sister did not concur with their cousin in her opinion of the good old town of Woodstock, for they remained here a couple of weeks longer, and every day they met Alice Lynne, for they had enough to say to each other of the old years and the new ones; and the last night that the young lawyer was in Woodstock, he and Alice had a long walk together. The frost had been among the trees, and you could see in the bright, still moonlight, how the maples were blushing for shame at its kisses; and during that walk, Frank Whipple said to Alice, gathering up her hands in his own, "I took you to my home once, Alice, and you went freely and joyfully with me then; and now I want to take you back to it again, to be its light, and joy, and gladness through all my life. Will you come to it, my little girl at the palings?"

The small hands fluttered in his, the tears shone in the moonlight, like pearls, on her cheeks. "Oh, Frank, I cannot leave Uncle Warren, now he is an old man, and he needs me; besides, he has been like a tender father to me."

"And you need not leave him, dear. We will pass our summers at Woodstock, and he shall come to the city every winter."

And Alice faltered, "If Uncle Warren says Yes."

And Uncle Warren did say "Yes," with his withered hands laid in solemn blessing on the heads of Frank Whipple and Alice Lynne!

EMMA WILLET; OR, THE CHESTNUTS AND THE PREMIUM.

BY MRS. S. G. PRYOR.

"Oh! I am so glad, mother!" said little Emma Willet, as she was about starting for school one pleasant winter's morning; "oh, I'm so glad! for school breaks up to-morrow, and Miss Mary is going to give us our premiums."

"Our premiums," Emma, then you expect to get one, do you?"

"Yes, indeed, mother, I'm sure of mine. I have got fifty tickets, and that is more than any of the girls have. Kate Joyce is next to me, but she has only forty-seven. She is head of three classes, and so am I, so that we will each get three more tickets to-night."

"But suppose that you should miss, and lose your place, and Kate should get above you?"

"Sister Jane has heard me, and I know all my lessons perfectly, so there's no danger of that. But

mother, won't you please give me some chestnuts? I promised one of the girls I would try and bring her some."

"I will this afternoon, Emma; I am too busy to get them for you now, and besides, it is nearly school time, and I think you had better run on, or you will be late."

"That will do, mother, just as well. I will tell her I am going to bring them this afternoon."

Emma tripped along as she spoke, but when she reached the garden gate she stopped a moment, as if thinking of something, then turned and ran quickly back into the house and up stairs. Her mother saw her, but supposing she had forgotten something, said nothing to her. In a few minutes she came down again, and ran as fast as she could to school. She got there just as Miss Mary was ringing the bell. While they were taking their seats one of the girls whispered in her ear: "Emma! Miss Mary is going to give the whole of 'Arthur's Juvenile Library' for the highest premium. *Aint* you glad?"

There was no opportunity for a reply, but Emma was indeed very glad. It was just what she had been wishing for, for some time, and her companion knew it. The spelling lesson was recited first. Kate Joyce was at the head of this class, and kept her place throughout the whole exercise. Next came the geography class. Emma Willet was first in this, and her promptness in answering showed the lesson had been well studied. The recitation was nearly over, and it is not to be wondered at that the little girl's thoughts should have wandered for a moment from the lesson to the handsomely bound volumes on the table before her. All at once she heard Miss Mary saying "the next?—the next?—the next?" The question had been put to the scholar at the foot, who was unable to answer it. Emma trembled, for she had been thinking so much about the premium that she had not heard the question.

"On what river is the capital, Miss Willet?" asked her teacher.

If she had only known what capital, she could have answered. She hesitated—and it was passed to "the next?" Kate Joyce, who, answering correctly, stood in Emma's place at the head of the class. Poor Emma felt very much like crying, but she did not. She even forced a smile, that Kate might not think she was angry with her. When the exercise was ended Miss Mary asked Kate Joyce for her book, but she said she had left it at home.

"Yours, then, Miss Willet, if you please."

Emma turned to her desk, and as she drew her book out a parcel of chestnut shells fell upon the floor.

"I didn't do it, Miss Mary!" was all the poor child could utter; then laying her head upon her desk she burst into tears. For some time past Miss Mary had been considerably annoyed by the children bringing chestnuts to school, eating them there,

and throwing the shells upon the floor. Only the day before she had occasion to speak about it, and then told them they must eat no more chestnuts in the school-room, and that any one who disobeyed this command should be punished by being placed at the foot of all her classes. Emma was, upon the whole, an obedient child, and her teacher was considerably astonished at this proof, as she supposed, of her disobedience. She examined the shells, thinking they might have been there before, but no—they were quite fresh. The children were questioned as to whether they knew anything about the matter, for as Emma still asserted her innocence Miss Mary did not wish to punish her if she were not guilty. No information, however, could be obtained, only that one of the girls had heard her tell Anna Clarke "she would bring her some chestnuts in the morning, for her uncle had brought a big bag full from the country," and Anna Clarke said "she had not given her any." Thus it appeared quite probable that Emma was indeed guilty, and Miss Mary felt it her duty to punish her. This was no pleasure. Teachers would much rather reward than punish their pupils. But when a command is broken, or a rule violated, they must enforce the penalty, otherwise discipline and order would soon be at an end. Thus Emma was compelled to take the lowest place in her classes. Her mother was too busy at dinner time to notice her downcast looks, so she was obliged to return to school in the afternoon without unburthening her heart to her as she wished. Mrs. Willet was not entirely done "clearing up," before there was a tap at the door, and in came Mrs. Joyce. "I thought I must come over and sit awhile with you this afternoon," she said, "seeing I've not been here for so long; besides, I thought you must feel bad after what had happened this morning, and would be all the better for having some one to talk with."

"Happened this morning, Mrs. Joyce! I know of nothing that has happened."

"La! didn't Emma tell you? What a deceitful child! I told Agg I didn't believe she'd say a word about it. And she setting herself up to be so good, too! Well, no one ever heard me speaking of my girl's goodness, but if anything like that had happened to her she would have told me of it, I know."

And then the tattler went on to say that Miss Mary had told the children they shouldn't bring any more chestnuts to school, and that several of the scholars had heard Emma say "she didn't care a straw what Miss Mary said, she would bring as many as she pleased;" that she brought some that morning and ate them in school, and when Miss Mary found the shells in her desk she denied everything, and said some of the girls must have put them there.

"She meant that for Agg, I expect, for their desks join. That was dreadful, I think, to try to get an innocent person blamed! However, the

proof was so strong against her that Miss Mary made her go foot in all her classes, and she must have been pretty well satisfied to have done it, for everybody knows that your girl is her favorite. The premiums are to be given out this afternoon, for Miss Mary has concluded not to have any school to-morrow—she is going home to spend Christmas. Agnes will get the highest one. Emma would have got it, if she had acted right. But I must say I do not think she deserves it after such conduct. I pity you, though, *Miss Willet*, for I know you have tried to bring your children up in the right way, and it is hard to see them turn out so. But don't give up to grieving about it, she is young yet, and no doubt you can bring her out of such ways."

Mrs. Joyce was not yet done talking when the door opened and Emma came bounding in, her face radiant with smiles and beaming with happiness.

"Here it is, mother! here it is!" she exclaimed, "I've got the highest reward! See! 'Arthur's Juvenile Library!'"

"What!" broke in Mrs. Joyce, "Miss Mary didn't dare to give you that after such conduct, did she? A pretty teacher, indeed, to countenance lying and deceit in that way. And she a professor, too! Agnes shall leave school, that she shall. I always heard Miss Mary showed a great deal of partiality, I believe it, too," and without as much as a "good bye," the sympathizing friend departed.

For a moment or two neither Emma nor her mother spoke; then Mrs. Willet said:

"What's all this Mrs. Joyce has been telling me?" and then, after relating all that had been told her, she added, "I could hardly make up my mind to believe you had acted in that manner, and yet, when I remembered that you had asked for chestnuts, which I did not give you, and that after you had started for school you came back and went up stairs, I was afraid you had not only, as Mrs. Joyce said, been doing very wickedly at school, but had disobeyed and deceived me also. I am satisfied now, however, not only from your being in possession of that reward, but from your happy countenance, that there has been some mystery. Now explain it to me."

Emma then told her mother all that had taken place in school that morning, also, that she wanted to tell her of it at noon, but seeing she was so busy, she thought it best to wait till after school in the afternoon; how that in the afternoon, just as Miss Mary was about giving out the premiums, the school door opened, a little boy came in, and going up to Miss Mary, handed her a geography, saying "he thought it belonged to one of the young ladies." Miss Mary opened it and found it had Agnes Joyce's name in it. She asked him how he came by it. He said "she came into his mother's store to buy some chestnuts this morning, and left it on the counter." When Agnes

heard this she ran out of school and off toward home as fast as she could.

"I am glad now Miss Mary knows I was telling the truth, but I feel sorry for Agnes, too. How unhappy she must feel?"

"Did you feel unhappy before the truth was known?"

"At first I did, mother; then I thought of the verse I learnt this morning, and that was what I came back for, for I had forgotten to learn it; it was, 'Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.' Whenever I thought of this, I felt, somehow, as if something would happen to show I was innocent."

"Learn a lesson from this then, my child. In all your future life let your actions be such that you can in confidence 'Commit your ways unto the Lord,' and should he not see fit, as in this instance, thus early to manifest your innocence, yet you will be happy in the consciousness of it."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening nestling to her bosom. I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Macaulay*.

AN ALLEGORY.

A humming-bird met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a bit of advice. Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

Mother's Department.

NOISY BOYS.

No. I.

"No noise, now, Alfred—mind."

There was not much in the words, but the voice was cold and harsh, as Mrs. Meredith stepped from the parlor to meet her son, a boy of ten years old, just returned from school. There was no kindly greeting in the tones, nothing that told of a mother's loving sympathy; and Alfred just then felt so brimful of life and energy, longed so much to do the very thing he was forbidden to do—"make a noise," that the mandate came like a dash of cold water upon his joyous spirits.

Now Mrs. Meredith was by no means an unkind woman, but she lacked the gift of understanding and entering into the feelings of others, especially the little ones. To have her house in the perfection of order, her own person as neat as possible, and her children what she called "proper," made at once the business and misery of her life; so continually were they liable to get out of the straight line which she had drawn for them. Her boys were, as she expressed it, her greatest trouble, for, do as she would, they were hard to reduce to order, and she felt inexpressibly relieved when, one by one, they passed from the sprightly age of mere childhood into the sober habits of the youth and man. All but one had thus left her, and, alas! cast so longing look back upon a home whose atmosphere had been shadowed by restraint and gloom. This exception was Alfred, the youngest boy, who now stood with the knob of the hall door in his hand, longing, yet fearing, to give it one "glorious slam."

"Why, mother, have you the headache, or is any one sick in the house?"

"No," very coldly, "but I do not choose to have a noise. So when you have hung up your hat and satchel, each on its own peg—mind, on its own individual peg—you may come into the parlor and sit with me until dinner is ready."

"O, but, mother," said the boy pleadingly, "I am so tired of sitting already—I do so want to run and jump a little. And besides, our school has a half holiday, and how would I look sitting in the parlor all the afternoon?"

Here the boy showed his opinion of such a proceeding by a prolonged whistle.

"Alfred!"

"Well, but mother, I must do something. Stay, I have it; I will go in the back yard—here is a bit of chalk in my pocket—and I can jump hop-scotch there delightfully."

"By no means, Alfred. Jane has just washed down the brick pavement; and the last time you

were there you whittled sticks all over the grass-plot. It took her nearly an hour to set it all to rights."

"Then the garret, mother. I will promise, indeed I will, not to disturb anything there. But I told Ned Wells that I would ask you to let him come here to play with me, and the garret is such a first-rate place for hide and seek."

If Mrs. Meredith had a weakness, it was for her neatly arranged attics. She always carried every disused article there with her own hands, and under her management the apartments were made to present quite a furnished appearance, instead of being the receptacles of old time litter which can never be of any possible use to the burdened owner, and generally occupies more space than it is worth. She was used to point triumphantly to these, her upper dominions, when boasting of her peculiar tact as a nice housekeeper; quoting, on these occasions, the remark of a lady acquaintance, "Show me her garrets instead of her parlors, and I will tell you what sort of a housekeeper she is." It was therefore with no small degree of horror that she listened to master Alfred's suggestion.

"Play in the garret, indeed! and have everything at sixes and sevens! you might know, Alfred, that I would never consent to such a plan. And as to having any of your romping schoolfellows to soil and disorder the house, you may go and tell Ned Wells and the rest that they had better stay in their own homes. Then when you come back you may either go to your own room and learn your lessons, or sit with me in the parlor, as I told you before. It is not every little boy who has such a good mother, and such a nice place to be in as you have."

"No, it is not, indeed!" thought Alfred bitterly, as he sullenly sat down on the stairs after his mother had left him, and leaned his head on the steps above him. He was in no mood to estimate his blessings. Then he passionately broke forth—

"O, if mother would only smile and speak kindly! She never says 'dear' to me, never puts her arm round me, as some other boys' mothers do, nor lets me tell her little things I want so much to say to some one. Then that hateful parlor! everything so straight and stiff! I must never touch a book, because they are placed just so—nor make the least noise—and I am so tired of being still."

Here Alfred fairly broke down, and sobbed some minutes without control. But it is not in the childlike temperament to remain long in one mood, and the boy soon started up from his listless attitude with all his former energy.

"She said I might go and tell Ned Wells, and I

mean to. But I shall have my holiday somewhere, I know; there's room enough in the streets, if there's none in the house."

What became of Alfred in that dangerous place—"the street school"—may be gathered from the after events of the day.

"Where is Alfred?" said his father, as he rose from rather a late dinner; "I saw his teacher, Mr. Ashton, on my way down street, and he told me that he had given the school a half-holiday. Have you permitted Alfred to go anywhere this afternoon?"

"Really, I never thought of him all dinner-time," said the now conscience-stricken mother. "But the truth is, he came home as usual, wild as a deer, and wanted to set all the house in an uproar, besides bringing some of his rude companions to help him. So I told him to go and forbid their coming, and then to return immediately and study his lessons."

"And where do you suppose he is now?"

"In his room, of course, where he has, perhaps, fallen asleep. I will send Jane to see."

Jane went as she was directed, but returned with the intelligence that Alfred was not in his apartment, and everything was exactly as she had left it when "putting to rights" in the morning.

Mrs. Meredith was now thoroughly alarmed. She had felt, on leaving Alfred, that perhaps she had been a little hard with him, but was too proud to confess it and give up something to his gratification. Afterward she had become absorbed in the contrivance of some piece of fancy-work which she had in hand, and forgotten all about him. She now urged her husband to go at once to Mr. Wells', and even followed him to the street door, looking wistfully up and down the wide avenues, in the vain hope of beholding her truant boy.

Several hours passed wearily away; it was beginning to grow quite dark, and yet there had been no tidings of Alfred or his father. Just as Mrs. Meredith's feelings were becoming wrought to the highest pitch, her husband returned, leading Alfred by the arm. But such a figure! Mrs. Meredith's carpets were soiled for once. Every part of his clothing was saturated with mud, and his neat cap and jacket torn in such a manner as to be entirely useless.

"Where do you suppose I found this boy?" said Mr. Meredith, sternly.

He then proceeded to relate that after a vain quest at their neighbor's for his missing son, he was told that he had been seen helping to draw a fire-engine, in the midst of a crowd of noisy boys and swearing men. He had followed him from point to point, until at last he gained sight of him on one of the wharves, the centre of a ring of disorderly lads, who were encouraging him to fight with another boy much larger than himself. In this way his clothes had been torn and disfigured, and just as his father reached him the boys had finished their

sport by tossing him in the mud at the side of the wharf.

"From whence they left me to rescue him as I best could," added Mr. Meredith, "for they soon ran off when I made my appearance. Had I been a few moments later he might have been drowned."

Very thankful as Mrs. Meredith was to have her son restored to her again, she could not be induced to forego her usual stern discipline. So with many bitter words of reproof, the boy was sent supperless to bed, and his little heart, that was just then softened enough to have warmed with a kind and loving admonition, steeled itself thrice hardened against his misjudging parents. The result of the afternoon's exposure was a violent fever, that threatened to deprive them forever of the child, whose lively ways made the only light of their sombre household. But its worst effects were the acquired tastes of Alfred for low amusements, and the freedom and lawlessness of the streets in comparison with the forced restraints of a loveless home.

It is certainly proper that each member of a family should have his or her rights respected, when order and quiet are necessary to their comfort. But have children no rights? As well might you expect, mothers, to stop the flow of the gushing fountain, or imprison a sunbeam, as to quench the sparkling mirth of a child. Better to bear patiently with a little noise, than "offend one of the little ones;" better to err on the loving side, than cloud the young mind with the gloom that must soon enough overshadow it, when the cares of life come with their burdens.

At the same time it is not necessary that children be allowed to become torments to their indulgent parents. Yet bear with and encourage their lively dispositions. If it is health for their delicate lungs to be noisy, teach them to sing—turn the usually discordant sounds into music. Help them in their play. Do not be afraid of becoming a little child again. Happy will you be if the purity and unworldliness of the child-nature may be yours once more. And you will be repaid a thousand-fold by the clinging love and confidence of those to whom you are bound to give more than mere food and clothing, for their future welfare or misery depends, in a great degree, on the early impressions which it is in your power to make.

THE AFFECTIONS.

The very first lesson which you should teach your child should be the just value of your affections, since it is through their medium, chiefly, that you can hope properly to influence his obedience; and without securing his obedience, it is idle to expect that you can train him properly in his ways of life. You are to teach him this lesson by a careful discrimination between right and wrong, in your consideration of his conduct. You are to permit no misconduct, however trifling in itself, to pass with-

out due notice; it must be promptly checked to be effectually conquered. Error is like that Geni in the Arabian Tale, who, though his bulk, when unconfined, reached from earth to heaven, could yet squeeze himself into the compass of a quart pot. It is surprising from what small beginnings most monsters grow. The first lesson which the boy learns from this observant discrimination is the value which you yourself set upon your affections. He soon sees that they are valuable—only to be acquired upon certain terms and for a certain consideration. You have nothing to do but to prescribe the terms—to declare the conditions. You may make your affections cheap or dear, at your own pleasure. If too cheap, he will not value them; if too dear, he will despair of procuring them. The true principle by which to determine the conditions for securing them, is the simple one of always doing justice. If he deserves praise, praise him; if he merits blame, do not withhold it. In neither case be immoderate, for a boy seldom deserves any great degree either of praise or blame. The terms of your favor you are to unfold to him, not by set lessons, but by your habitual conduct; and he will find it

easy to comply with reasonable conditions in order to secure those affections, which, moved as they are by inflexible justice, he will soon discern are beyond all price. This principle is one of the most obvious of every-day experience. We see it in the public thoroughfare, at all hours, at every turning. Affections are moral rewards! They are to be given, like money, very sparingly, and not till you have carefully inquired whether they be due or not. They are to be given to justice, not to partiality. The ill-advised and lavish affection of the parent, like indiscriminate charity in the highways, soon makes the receiver wasteful of the treasure he receives. Besides, when the parent has been giving, because of his blind love, what has he left himself to bestow, when the child deserves, and when it is the parent's duty to reward? It is from this profligacy of bounty that children become capricious in moral judgment, perverse and wanton in disposition. From this they grow up preferring wrong to right; or, rather, practising the wrong quite as commonly as the right, from an absolute incapacity to perceive the difference between them.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

Lady on the Left.—Robe of green figured *taffetas*. Skirt ornamented with nine flounces, edged with narrow green ribbon. Plain, high body. Waist with a ceinture of the stuff of the dress, with long flowing ends and double-bow, edged like the flounces. Sleeves large, trimmed with three flounces at the end, and two at the top. Collar and under-sleeves of embroidered muslin.

This dress duplicates the *robe Marie Antoinette* in the Spring organandies and barques, with the difference, that in place of the upper flounce in this, they are woven to be made in double skirt. It will be perceived that the effect is the same in each, because of the increased weight and substance of *taffetas* over the thin tissues.

Bonnet of white silk, with soft, sloping crown, the back part formed of alternate bands, an inch wide, of green and white silk. The curtain and border are all white, edged with green. Strings white, and the border ornamented with a rouleau of green and red, and a bouquet of Spring flowers and foliage on the left side. The *dessous* (under the border) is formed of white lace or blonde, as relief to the cheeks, and a bandeau of red ribbon over the

forehead, grasped by three little rosettes of black lace. Gloves of lilac, green, or drab kid, and black satin *Français* lace-boots.

Lady on the Right.—Robe of bright lilac *moire*. Skirt trimmed with bands of the same goods in one shade darker, or with velvet; there being four bands which terminate in knots, and three bands alternating which extend the whole length of the skirt. The *pagode* sleeves are trimmed in keeping, and a band passed over each shoulder from the point in front to a point at the waist behind; the point of the back at the waist being cut in the diamond shape, as there is no seam up the centre of the back. The skirt is cut in the gored form, and pyramidal, except that the greatest length and fullness is behind. This is a plain, rich dress, serving both the purposes of promenade and evening wear.

Straw bonnet in the cottage shape, approaching the elevation of the border, as given to the Broadway *chapeau*. The trimmings are of lilac, with a fall of wheat heads on the left side. *Dessous* of white blonde ruches for the cheeks, and a torsade over the forehead, under the border, of lilac ribbon and lilac flowers and foliage.

It is the fashion now to make some bonnets without a frame to the face, or *dessous*. Gloves of russet kid, and lace-boots of satin *Français* to match the color of the robe.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The Broadway Bonnet is the marked peculiarity of ladies' dress this Spring. Some of the best houses are making it without a *de souce*. The shape of the bonnet gives it the marked feature of the style; for, whether made of straw or silk, it is always plain, large, dignified, reaching far forward and upward, with a soft, plaited crown. At the sides it flares, evasively, at the ears, and the border then extends forward and upward from the head, as if it cared not for consequences. From the wide border, the crown slopes backward, being composed of inch-wide longitudinal plaita. The curtain is of medium depth. The bonnet of the figure on the right is in fashion, but not the extreme of it. To be so, it should approach farther forward and upward, giving it an appearance between hoydenishness and dignity. It is, nevertheless, plain; and the trimming recommended for the bonnets on the picture-plate are in greatest favor. The bonnet consists of a wide plaited and sloping crown, not a very deep curtain, but a very wide border, very flaring at the ears, with strings (*brides*) the same color as the predominating one of the bonnet.

The dresses noted in last number—as the favorite thin tissues—are the only ones which have yet been opened. There are some dresses and bonnets to be seen on Broadway, which were never intended for promenade. For instance, a lady walked into Stewart's the other day, after sailing along before me for two or three squares, who wore a delicate sea-green silk, having four flounces, a heavy velvet cloak, although the day was brilliant with sun and warmth, and worse than all, a pale gold-colored satin bonnet, with marabout feathers. Her dress and bonnet were never meant for walking, but for carriage toilet, and would never have been worn by a woman of taste. If ladies dislike dull and sombre colors, what can be more chaste and bright than the Quaker tints, which are always admissible on the promenade, and always pretty?

Colors of mild tone—neutral on the negative—obtain this Spring, especially in silks; but in *Or-gandies* and *Bareges*, all the floral tints of the world are copied.

The costume which produced the happiest effect on our mind of any which we have yet seen this Spring, was a *mouseline de lain* robe, woven in the coquettish and enlivening flounced style, and cut in the gored-skirt fashion. It was worn over one of Thompson's pyramidal skirts—not too full, but in *demi-tain*. Over her shoulders she wore a French cashmere square shawl, with its preponderating color relieving the tone of a sanguine and healthy complexion. On her head she wore an incomparable straw bonnet. It was not fine, but finely shaped, in keeping with the Broadway model. The only trimming perceptible on the charming bonnet was a rose over the right temple, under the brim, from which extended a torsade to the left of

the crown on the outside, where one single, full-blown rose, and a tuft of green ribbons were its only ornaments. The soft crown was of plaits of straw and green silk, alternating. Each ear-ring was of massive gold, in the form of a ring two inches in diameter, like an infinitesimal cart-tire, with the outer edge chased. Over the shoulders, next the dress, was a black guipure cape. The gloves were russet kid, in the gauntlet shape. Her lace-boots were faultless, made of *satin Francais*. Her hair was combed back in relief, slightly full over the temples, and parted over the centre of the forehead. With this simple dress, she was really the most *distingué* looking lady that we have met on our fashionable promenades this Spring.

THE BROADWAY BONNET.

A FEATURE IN LADIES' COSTUME FOR SPRING, 1860.



T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

Dear Sir: The bonnet represented by the "lady on the right," in the colored plate for May, is the popular style for this Spring; but the most marked, peculiar, taking, and *distingué* form, is that which is termed the BROADWAY BONNET. In no feature of costume is the truth of the aphorism of Raphael, that "the outline is the picture," more clearly illustrated than in this singularly and stylishly shaped bonnet. It is all the rage with the *Haut Ton*; and as I find it difficult to get it engraved on the steel plate, I send a copy to you on tracing-cloth, with the request that you get it carefully transferred and engraved on wood, for the benefit of the fair readers of the Home Magazine. I drew it from a bonnet that is recognized as a type of the highest style of the millinery art.

For a *blond*, the Broadway appears well with a front (the border and *passe* are in one piece) of straw, edged with a lilac ribbon and an infinitesimal edging of white lace. The ear should edge the curtain of lilac. The crown should be formed of plats of straw and bands or ribbons of lilac, alternating;

formed in the cap-shape, quite full, falling and sloping. At the ears the border flares at nearly a right angle with the head. The strings are of lilac ribbon, edged with a little white lace. The border is ornamented on the left side with a lace *chou*, or rosette, with a bouquet of flowers and leaves of lilac, falling from its centre to below the ear, with a knob of lilac ribbons springing from beneath the rosette. From the rosette, or *chou*, a torsade of lilac ribbons crosses the *passo* to the right side, extending over the border to the inside of border at the temple, where it ends under a full-blown double-rose and rose-leaves. There is no other ornament under the border, no *ruche* or cap. The hair is dressed in *bandeaux*, disclosing the bottom of the ears, and a pair of Roman ear-rings, about one and a half inches in diameter, in the form of a square-edged, thick ring of massive gold, with the edges chased, is the favorite style for wear with this bonnet.



The Roman Ear-ring.

This is the size preferred, made with or without the loop.

G. C. S.

Health Department.

CLOTHING.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Clothing should be worn for health and convenience, to render it useful to the wearer. Few individuals, even among the learned, have given that attention to the human organism which the preservation of life and health demand, and their bodies daily suffer by consulting custom instead of convenience and usefulness in dress.

Those who dictate the style of dress often exhibit great lack of knowledge as to its healthfulness and usefulness. The clothing of all should be so arranged as to allow the utmost ease and freedom to the wearer, and comfortably protect all parts except the face in cold weather.

As the air necessary for the purification of the blood and invigoration of the system, is admitted to the lungs through the mouth and nose, these should not be covered. When clothing is tightly arranged about the chest, the lungs cannot expand so as to admit sufficient air to purify the blood and invigorate the system; and disease, pain, and premature death are the natural results of violating so wisely arranged an organism. Tight clothing on any part of the body prevents free circulation of the blood, and causes congestions, and often convulsions. So, also, insufficient or too much clothing of any part, is alike injurious to health.

Paddings worn to hide the deformities which a thoughtless position has occasioned, the bony framework, or to imitate more prepossessing natural forms, sooner or later occasion disease in the structure over which they are worn.

Exercise is a law of nature which none can avoid,
VOL. XV.—24

even in cold or sultry weather, without injury to health, hence the importance of clothing the body so as to shield from dampness and inclemency, and, at the same time, give freedom and ease of motion. Many of the most fashionable styles of dress are unfitted for healthful exercise—cramping some parts of the body, as the chest, or exposing some other parts, as the head, neck, arms, feet, limbs, &c.

If people would secure health they must not be guided by custom, but by sound sense, in arranging their clothing. It is not necessary that all should dress alike, but each one should be guided by good sense, adaptation to their means and occupation in life.

Children often suffer from improper clothing, much more than adults. Their young, joyous, and active natures demand a great amount and variety of active and vigorous exercise. Girls, no less than boys, require active exercise in the pure air in childhood and youth, and if restrained by clothing, or false ideas of physical development, become enfeebled in body and dwarfed in mind—unfit for those duties for which an all-wise Creator designed them—incapable of supporting themselves in many instances, if not, by their feebleness, burdensome to others.

We greatly wonder how any mother can suppose the short and thin pants of the little boy, with the extension skirts added to the dress of the little girl, affords sufficient protection to the limbs in cold, windy weather! As we previously stated, they need to play or exercise much in the open air, to secure health in cold as well as warm weather, and for this purpose the humane and sensible mother

must deviate from custom, if need be, and devise a more healthful and warmer dress, as her better sense, and the love of her offspring and its future health, happiness, and usefulness, ought to dictate her. How many children sleep in untimely graves, (who might have been spared to their parents and the world,) for lack of due reflection and knowledge on the part of a fond mother! An epidemic rages in the neighborhood, and the little child, enfeebled by fashionable clothing, constrained habits, and impure air, easily falls a prey to the invader. Is not the life and health of the child dearer to the

mother than the fashionably arranged garments? If she reflects upon this subject she surely must reply yes, yes.

The feet of all, and especially children, should be well clothed with warm stockings, and shoes that protect from dampness, and the limbs well shielded with thick, or lined close drawers, reaching to the top of the shoe or boot, in cold weather. This article of clothing for the limbs is much more needed now than before extension skirts were worn, which ought not to be worn by little girls in cold or windy weather.

Hints for Housekeepers.

HOW TO COOK AN EGG.—What a wretched thing is a badly cooked egg! whether it be liquid as a lady's tear, or as solid as a Somersetshire dumpling. If you want an egg well cooked, first try the plan recommended by a correspondent of the *Cottage Gardener*, who remarks:—"An egg should not be boiled, it should only be scalded, *vulg.*, coddled. Immerse your egg in, or, which is better, pour upon your egg boiling water. For time: proportion your time to the size and number of your eggs, and the collateral incidents. If you cook your eggs upon your breakfast table, more time will be required. But if you station your apparatus on a good wholesome hob, where there is a fire, and so the radiation of heat is less positive, less time will suffice. The latter way is mine, winter and summer, and the differences of the surrounding circumstances equalise, or nearly so, the time. I keep one egg under water 9 minutes; two, $9\frac{1}{2}$; three, 10; and four nearly 11 minutes. The yolk first owns the power of the caloric, and will be even firmly set, while the white will be milky, or at most tremulously gelatinous."

A DELICIOUS DESSERT.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* gives the following:—

"Two cups of sweet milk and one of sour cream, (or one cup and a half of sweet milk and one and a half of buttermilk); two well beaten eggs; a small teaspoon of saleratus, and half a teaspoon of salt; use flour enough to make a batter about as thick as for griddle cakes; add a teacup of dried cherries, plums, or currants, and pour into a tin pail, or moulds, with a closely fitting cover; place it in a kettle of boiling water deep enough to reach the top of the mould, and boil fast for two hours. Serve with any sauce. It is very good without fruit, if you have none."

"Homer, N. Y. 1860.

ANNIE."

CHOICE AND MANAGEMENT OF TOOTH BRUSHES.—After the general care required by the teeth themselves, there is no article of personal comfort and cleanliness demanding greater nicety of choice and

management than the tooth-brush employed in our daily toilet. In the choice, that brush should be selected which is the finest and softest, and has the bristles the most evenly and closely set; and in the management, all that will be required to preserve it in admirable condition for the gums and teeth will be, after using, to immerse it in a tumbler of clear water twice, pressing the bristles against the side of the glass to wash out the powder, and then gently rubbing quite dry over a cloth stretched tightly over the fore-finger. This manipulation requires a moment or two in the execution, and if once adopted will not fail to be constantly employed.

FLORAL SPECIMENS.—The mode of preserving leaves is simple. Take two leaves of every kind you wish to keep; lay them inside of a sheet of blotting paper, place them under a considerable pressure, and let them remain during the night. Open them the next morning, remove them to a dry part of the paper, and press them again for the same space of time. They may then be placed in the book intended for the purpose, and fastened down with a little gum, with the alternate sides turned out, and the name written, with such other observations as the artist may think proper.

TO REMOVE THE STAINS OF INK.—The stains of ink on cloth, paper or wood, may be removed by all acids; but those acids are to be preferred which are least likely to injure the texture of the stained substance. The muriatic acid, diluted with five or six times its weight of water, may be applied to the spot, and after a minute or two washed off; repeating the application as often as may be found necessary. Less risk attends the use of vegetable acids. A solution of the oxalic, citric (acid of lemons), or tartarous acids, in water, may be applied to the most delicate fabrics without danger of injuring them; and the same solution will discharge writing but not printing ink. Hence it may be employed in cleaning books which have been defaced by writing on the margin, without impairing the text.

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GROUND RICE PUDDING—Take a tablespoonful of ground rice and a little suet chopped fine, and add half a pint of milk, sweeten to taste, and having poured it into a saucepan let it remain over a clear fire until thickened. Beat up an egg, with four drops of essence of lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of white wine; add this mixture to the ingredients in the saucepan, give it a shake or two from right to left, then pour it into a greased dish, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

HOW TO MAKE YEAST.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it and cork it close. It will be ready for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

INVITATIONS.—If you ask a person to dinner, let it be a week or ten days in advance; because, to

ask a person only a day or two before, looks as if you had been disappointed of somebody else, and had asked him as a mere stop gap.

Be particular, likewise, to specify the day on which you wish for his company. Don't say you will be glad to see him on either of two days, as Tuesday or Wednesday next. And why? Because this person may not wish to dine with or visit you at all; and so far from a choice of days being thought an act of kindness, it may be considered one of severity, if not rudeness. Always state only one day; and let the invitation, like the answer, be unequivocal.

Invitations for several weeks in advance are almost as bad as invitations for alternate days; because long invitations convey the impression that the inviter is desperately ill off for guests, and wishes to insure a number at all risks. The person invited is also apt to feel that it is not his pleasure or convenience that is consulted; and to raise a feeling of this kind is anything but consistent with true politeness.

New Publications.

THE MARBLE FAUN; OR THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A book from Hawthorne is an event in the literary world. After a silence of seven or eight years, he speaks to us again, and we find the old music in his tones, and the old fascination in his words—only the tones have gained in richness, and the words come to us with deeper meanings. A true, earnest, thoughtful man gains much in seven years, and if he write, it will be from higher ideals. This last work of Hawthorne's shows him to have gained in power, as every author should gain with advancing years, unless a poor literary vanity comes in to dwarf his intellect. We offer no criticism on these volumes; that is a work of too much care and scope for our time, or the limit of our pages. But we commend them to all lovers of art in literature, as sources of exquisite pleasure.

AN ARCTIC BOAT JOURNEY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1854. By Isaac J. Hayes. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase. New York: Sheldon & Co.

This volume brings vividly before us those incidents of the Grinnell expedition in which Dr. Hayes was a prominent actor, and it will prepare the public to enter, with an intelligent sympathy, into the new expedition which he proposes to make into the icy regions of the north. It is illustrated with admirable maps, drawn from Petermann, and is a valuable contribution to the literature of Arctic exploration.

LORD ELGIN'S MISSION TO CHINA AND JAPAN. By Lawrence Oliphant, Esq. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Oliphant was secretary to Lord Elgin during his mission to China in the years 1857, 1858, and 1859, and from his position enjoyed peculiar advantages for observing the people of both China and Japan. His large book is not an official history of the mission of Lord Elgin, but contains his own personal narrative and experiences. We see these singular people in many new aspects, and find a world of interest in their manners, customs, and politics, so wholly different from our own, as to place them almost out of the range of our sympathies. We do not comprehend them. The illustrations, from native and other drawings, are numerous and striking.

LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND. By Samuel Irenaeus Prime, author of "Travels in Europe and the East." New York: Sheldon & Co.

Books of travel, even by dull writers, are always attractive. But, when they come from an observer like Mr. Prime, they bear with them a charm that binds us to their pages. He is at home among Alpine scenery, and gives us pictures so boldly drawn that we seem to be with him in the midst of its sublime aspects.

THE MANUAL OF PHONOGRAPHY. By Benn Pitman. Photographic Institute, Cincinnati, O.

This seems to be a very complete manual for students of Phonography, and we hear it pronounced the best one extant, by those who are competent to speak on the subject.

ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA AND ITS ISLANDS. Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Madeira, Canary, Biafra, and Cape Verd Islands; their Climate, Inhabitants, and Productions. Accounts of Places, People, Customs, Trade, Missionary Operations, etc.: On that part of the African Coast lying between Tangier, Morocco, and Benguela. By Rev. Charles W. Thomas, M. A., of the Georgia Conference; Chaplain to the African Squadron in 1855, 1856, and 1857. With Illustrations from Original Drawings. New York: *Derby & Jackson*.

The title of this book gives the range of observation enjoyed by the author, who has presented a view of Africa, its condition and prospects, from the stand-point of a Southern clergymen familiar with negro character in this country, and thus enabled to examine the subject under circumstances peculiarly favorable. The volume will find its way largely into the hands of those specially interested in the themes of which it treats.

JULIAN HOME. A Tale of College Life. By Frederick W. Farrar, author of "Eric, or Little by Little." Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Of this book the North American says:—"The sentiments throughout are true and noble—the language is chaste and finely appropriate—a finished scholarship is at all times visible, and poetic imagery, sometimes new and always beautiful, vivifies almost every chapter." As a story of College life it will go, like "School Days at Rugby," largely into the hands of growing up lads, and it is well that it is so good a book, and pervaded with such noble sentiments as abound in its pages. There is so much attractive bad reading for young people, that we gladly welcome every volume of attractive good reading that appears; and this is one.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL, PERSEUS, SULPICIA, AND LUCILIUS. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Another volume of Harper's Classical Library in English translations. And we here take occasion to notice a new series commenced by the same publishers; the texts of the Greek and Latin classic authors in neat 12mo. volumes, with flexible backs. The standard texts are selected, the lines are numbered, and indexes of principal words are added to each author. The first issues of the series are *Horace* and *Æschylus*. The form is very convenient for the recitation-room or for pocket reference; while the chaste style of the edition makes it very becoming to the library.

THE CAXTONS. A Family Picture. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Library Edition. 2 vols. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

By far the handsomest edition of Bulwer's works yet seen, is that which has been commenced by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. of our city. "The Caxtons" is the first in the series, which will comprise twenty novels, one to be issued on the first of each month. The type is large and clear, the paper delicately tinted, and the whole style of getting up in charming taste.

STORIES FROM FAMOUS BALLADS. For Children. By Grace Greenwood. With Illustrations by Billings. Boston: *Tieknor & Fields*.

We have the old ballads of Griselda, Chevy Chase, The King and the Miller of Mansfield, The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green, Auld Robin Gray, &c., &c., rendered into the author's fine prose, and issued in a neat little volume. The frontispiece is among the sweetest of things we have gazed upon; a portrait of the author's child, to whom the book is dedicated.

Editors' Department.

"ALL GONE."

Mrs. Ames knew that something was the matter, her husband came home to dinner every day with such a worried, abstracted air; he was growing pale and thin, and she felt that he did not hear her half the time when she was talking to him; and what was worse than all the rest, he had gone off that very morning without kissing baby, though he had crowded to him out of the cradle, feeling quite as certain of being taken up and trotted five minutes on "papa's knee," as he was of his breakfast.

Mrs. Ames turned over all these things in her mind, as she ate late that afternoon knitting a baby's "sock" and jogging the cradle in the nursery.

She was a pleasant faced little woman, and while the night of the brief winter day dropped about her,

her thoughts went to and fro after this fashion: "I wonder what does all Harry, poor fellow! I'm certain it must be some trouble about his business; I'll find out to-night, and won't be put off any longer with his 'Oh, Mary, don't bother me now; women don't know anything about men's affairs.' I'll hurry down and make the coffee myself to-night, he's so fond of it, and then, he thinks nobody prepares it quite so well as I do."

And the loving, thoughtful little wife laid down her knitting and went down stairs humming a tune to herself, but still there was a little shadow on her forehead.

An hour later Mrs. Ames sat in the nursery, tossing her baby up and down, tumbling him back and forth, and still Harry didn't come.

It was very strange, and every now and then an exclamation would slip out of Mrs. Ames' lips with

the caresses which she lavished upon her child—“I wonder what is keeping papa! I guess he's forgotten mamma and baby. Oh, dear! that coffee 'll be spoiled! I don't see what has got into Harry!”

At last she heard the front door open, and the familiar tread along the hall and up the stairs.

The door opened. “What has taken you, Harry?” began Mrs. Ames, but the words were cut short on the young wife's lips, with the first glance at her husband. His face was white as the face of the dead, and it had a half wild, half frenzied look that fairly froze her heart with alarm. She sat down her child on the carpet, and sprang toward him.

“Oh! what is the matter, Harry?”

But he waved her back with his hand. “Don't speak to me, Mary,” and he sank into a chair and buried his face on his arm, and a groan dropped out of his lips which fairly stopped the beating of Mrs. Ames' heart. She knelt down by his side, and her hands shook as she laid them on his arm. “Tell me, Harry, your own wife, what it is. Don't keep it back!”

The young merchant lifted up his haggard face and looked at her a moment, with such an expression of mingled pity, and tenderness, and despair, that she could hardly bear it. “I'll tell you what it is, Mary, and God help you to bear it! I'm a ruined man! every dollar's gone. The blow fell this afternoon,” and he dropped his face as though he could not bear to see the effect of his words on the woman he loved better than his life.

But a sudden smile broke into her pale face, and the smile only looked the brighter for the tears which were running over it. She drew close up to her husband and dropped her fingers into his hair, and her voice was brave and joyful. “Is that all, Harry? is that all!”

The merchant lifted his head and looked at his wife in blank amazement. “Is that all, you poor child! You don't understand me. I've failed! I'm a ruined man! All's gone, Mary, all's gone!”

“No it hasn't, either.” If her voice shook, at first, because of her tears, it was brave and strong as she kept on. “You've got me and baby still, Harry, and we've got you; and so long as this is true, and the trouble has come upon us without any fault of our own, we'll look it bravely in the face and conquer it.”

“Mary, do you know what you're saying? What is to become of us?”

“No matter, we shall get along somehow. Trust me to do my part, as a true, loving wife should. We'll rent a smaller house and begin anew. I'll give music lessons, and that'll help matters along until you get into business, and we commence creeping up again. I'll do anything, Harry, if you won't give up and say all's gone.”

She had nestled close up to him, and he drew down her fair head on his shoulder and strained her to his heart.

“No, Mary, I won't give up so long as I've got you, my precious wife, the best and truest one that man ever had. I came home to-night, dreading to look upon your face, dreading to hear the voice of my child, a distracted, despairing man, and I never knew half your worth until now. No, it isn't all gone, for a man's rich without a dollar in the world, and such a wife as you are!”

And then a little silence fell between them, and as her head lay on her husband's shoulder, Mrs. Ames felt his tears drop softly into her hair.

A moment later she felt a small, weak, human fluttering along her dress, and looking down she saw her boy, who had crept along the floor to his parents; then he stood vainly trying to lift himself up, his sweet, innocent face full of wonder, the blue eyes agape, and the small mouth, red as a cluster of ripened currants, full of laughter.

“See, papa, see, papa, you've got baby too,” sobbed the young mother.

And the child lifted up its dimpled arms, and lisped out, in gleeful triumph to its father, “Baby too! baby too!”

Henry Ames bent down and lifted up the little fellow; but he did not speak, for his heart was full of its “thank God” at that moment.

She was not one of your brilliant, showy, captivating women, but she was a true, sweet, loving, faithful wife, and oh, was she not indeed to her husband, in the hour of his calamity and despair, a “Gift of the Lord?”

Years afterward Henry Ames was a successful merchant, honored and beloved of his fellow men; and to one who was very dear to him he spoke thus of his wife: “If it hadn't been for her I should be, at this moment, a miserable, broken down, ruined man. Her love and faith held me up when I was falling, and I owe all I am, under God, to that blessed woman, my wife, Mary Ames.”

Pleasant and precious words to the heart of a woman, more to be desired than honors, or riches, or all earthly gifts!

Blessed words! to be set in pearls of living light over the days of her life, and to shine there forever and forever!

V. F. T.

EMERSON BENNETT'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

This is a new magazine, conducted by the well known writer whose name it bears, and showing throughout the spirit and life which he knows so well how to infuse into everything that flows from his pen. He has our warmest wishes for success in his new enterprise.

AFTER THE STORM.

This story will be completed in the next number of the Home Magazine. In the July number a new story, by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, will be commenced, entitled

DAYS OF MY LIFE.

"THE LESSON IN EMBROIDERY."

We need hardly refer to the beauty of our steel plate; for, ere this paragraph is read, it will have charmed the eyes, and sent a pleasant ripple over the feelings. We acknowledge ourselves indebted to Messrs. Goupil & Co., of New York, for the use of the large print from which we had it engraved for the Home Magazine.

SPRING.

Thou callest to the year with thy sweet face,
Lifted up for baptismal, as a child's
Standing before the altar. Thou art come,
Anointed of our God, from the white arms
In which the winter clasped thee. Thy voice thrills
Across the earth's long slumber; with a laugh
The streams are loosened, as a bride shakes out
Her pearls unto the sunshine, and the boughs
Put their green frillings on, and hills and vales
Are hung in grasses.

Oh, thy song of birds,
The breath of apple-blossoms, thy first gleam.
Of daisies, in the hollows!

Thou dost make

The cold dead earth, a temple where our hearts
Go up to worship, while our way is spread
With gold and purple broderies. Thou dost sweep,
With thy soft fingers, the majestic keys
Of the year's organ, and the days take up
Their march to jubilees, and with sweet smiles
Drop down into the arms of watching nights!
And so, thy work accomplished, thou dost yield
Thy sweet life to the summer, with a prayer,
Dropping amid serene smiles from thy lips,
"I have sowed, Father, let another reap."

V. F. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. R.

It is not very probable that we shall ever behold your face in this world; but we bless you for your letter. It encouraged and strengthened our heart when we needed it.

We are glad that from "afar off" we sent you the "cup of cold water," and may your courage never fail you, and your life prove, dear friend, that it is "of use trying."

E * * * * E DR G * * * A.

The leaves you sent us had not lost their perfume, and your letter had sweeter perfume for our hearts. We feel indeed that we are not working in vain when our Magazine comes with such "ministrations" to your fireside. May it be always to you a messenger of good tidings!

ELLA G. C * * * S.

We beg your pardon for not acknowledging your kindness before, and the honor you have done us, and will endeavor to do this soon in a more ample and less public way.

V. F. T.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

We take from the Home Journal the following poem by MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN, a writer of fine talents, from whom the public would like to hear much oftener than she lets them. It is some time since we have seen anything from her pen. The tender beauty and touching pathos of this poem will give it a passport to all hearts. It pictures a phase of life that is all around us. The hungry wolf stands at your neighbor's door, reader—her arm is too weak, mayhap, to keep him at bay. Will you not go to the rescue?

You're tired, dear mother, your cheek is quite pale;
Wont you lay down your sewing, and tell me a tale
Of fairies that sent, in the good times of old,
Rich banquets, and jewels, and purses of gold?
Not about little Riding-Hood crossing the moor—
Was the wolf that she met like our wolf at the door?

Shall we never walk out where the houses so tall
Have lace o'er each window, and lamps in each hall?
Where the curly-haired children play over the grass?
We might hear their gay laughter and talk as we'd pass.
Must you sit here and work till your fingers are sore?
I think we might steal by the wolf at the door!

I'll lay down your work—oh, how warm it will be!
My nice little cloak!—why, I thought 'twas for me!
Once, always in garments as fine I was dressed,
But I shan't ask for this, if you think 'twould be best;
Yet I can't understand what you told me before,
That it might, for awhile, keep the wolf from the door.

The clothes I have on are so thin and so worn!—
I try to be thankful they never stay torn;
But I should like some new ones, with tassels and
braid,
And stockings not shrunken, nor faded, nor frayed,
And a pair of new shoes—how they'd creak on the
floor!

But then he might hear them—the wolf at the door!

The room's growing dark, and I can't see to play
By the light of the lamp that shines over the way
And the shadows that fit o'er the gleam on the wall—
They frighten me, coming so shapeless and tall;
Oh, how I would beg for a candle once more,
If you thought he'd not see us—the wolf at the door!

And the fire on the hearth, it has died away quite—
Wont you kindle a new one, dear mother, to-night?
Don't you love the soft flames as they crackle and
glow?

They would warm your poor hands, that are cold as
the snow;
And the kettle would sing—hark!—is that the wind's
roar?

Oh, mother!—I fear 'tis the wolf at the door!

Well, hear me my prayers, and I'll lie down in bed,
And while your soft arm is passed under my head,
Wont you tell me again to be trusting and brave,
Though I march over thorns on my way to the grave?
To keep sin from my heart lest it eat to the core—
Dear mother, is sin like the wolf at the door?

And tell me of mansions still grander than those
Where the rich children play and the grass greenly
grows;
Where they'll give me bright robes, and a crown for
And on fruits from the gardens of God I'll be fed;
Oh, mother! to think there we'll live evermore,
And be in no fear of the wolf at the door!



THE WRITING LESSON.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR HOME MAGAZINE.







Longfellow & Kimball Sc.

HOME MAGAZINE JUNE 1860.





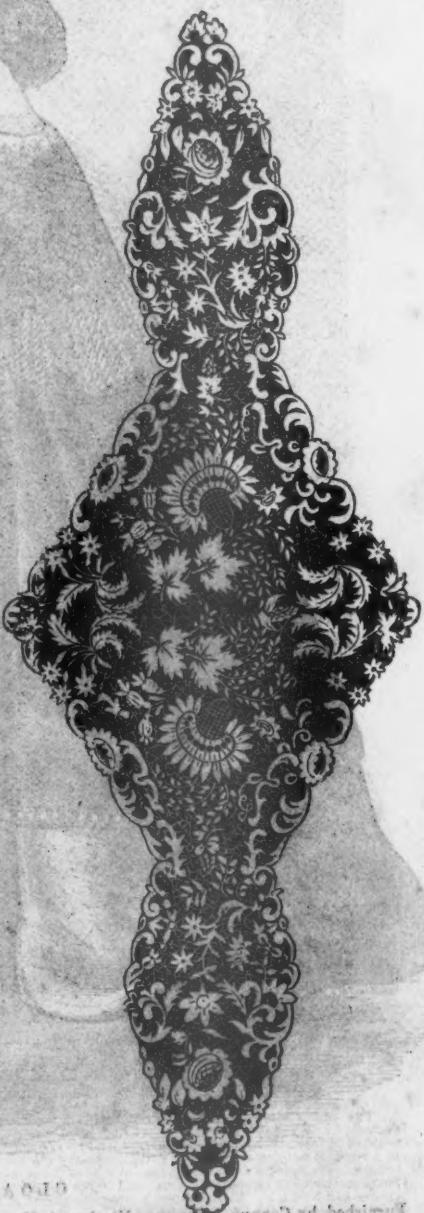
CLOAK,

Furnished by COOPER & CONARD, Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, and engraved from
actual costume by Neville Johnson.

The novelty of our illustration for this month is the hood, which highly ornate, chaste, and neat
fitting is the most beautiful of these generally clumsy appendages that we have seen



HEAD DRESS.

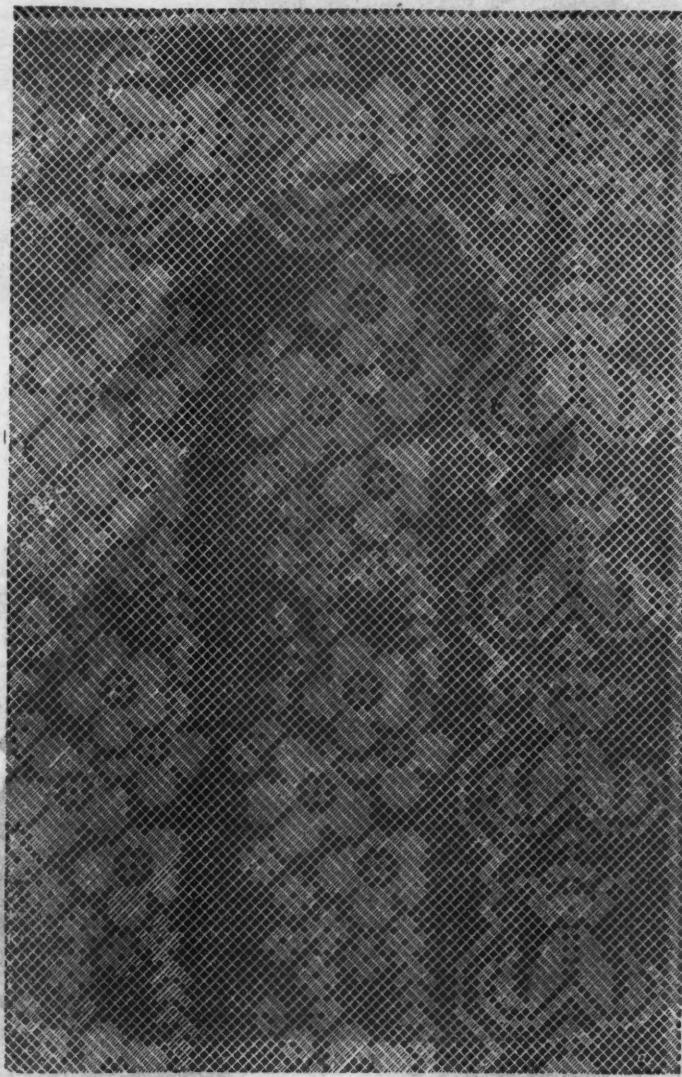


COIFFURE, OR HONITON LACE.



TURKISH CUSHION.

med leverans. Den aldrig behövde återvända till den här platsen, eftersom det bedömdes
att den leverantören aldrig skulle återvända. Men det är dock en sannolikhet att den
leverantören återvänder, och då är det viktigt att den leverantören som har tillförlitlighet
att han kommer att återvända, inte sätter in en annan leverantör för att han inte kommer



NETTED CURTAINS

Materials. Boar's head cotton, No. 8, and royal embroidery cotton No 16. A bone mesh about a quarter of an inch wide will make a nice sized diamond.

The entire curtain is to be done in ordinary diamond netting, on which the design is afterwards to be darned. The number of stitches must depend entirely on the length required for the curtains. It will require 36 for each pattern; and as, with the mesh we have given, about five patterns will make the depth of a yard, it will be easy to calculate precisely the number of stitches required for curtains of any given length. With regard to the width, this also must necessarily depend on the size of the window. Each stripe occupies 38 rows, or 19 squares, the border being of the same dimensions; and any number of repetitions can be made. Curtains are extremely pretty if worked in alternate stripes of darned netting, and a fancy stitch which is not darned.

The design for the border itself would perhaps be preferred by some people to the flower stripes. A very handsome netted lace border should be worked on one side, and at the bottom of each curtain.



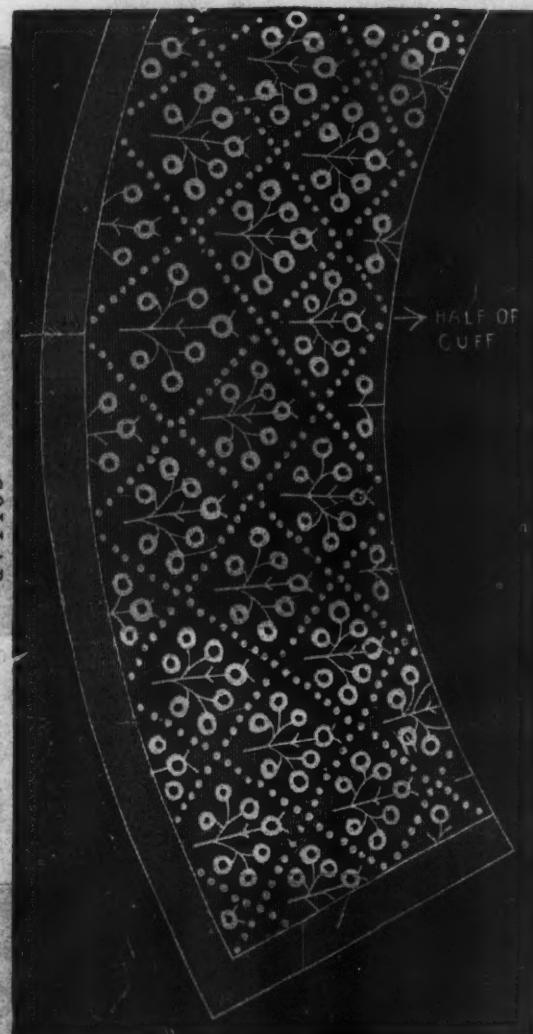
ROBE,

Of plain silk, with trimmings volants of the same material, presenting a plain, but at the same time elegant appearance.

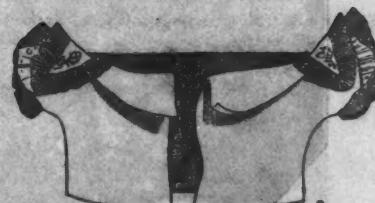


BOY'S DRESS.

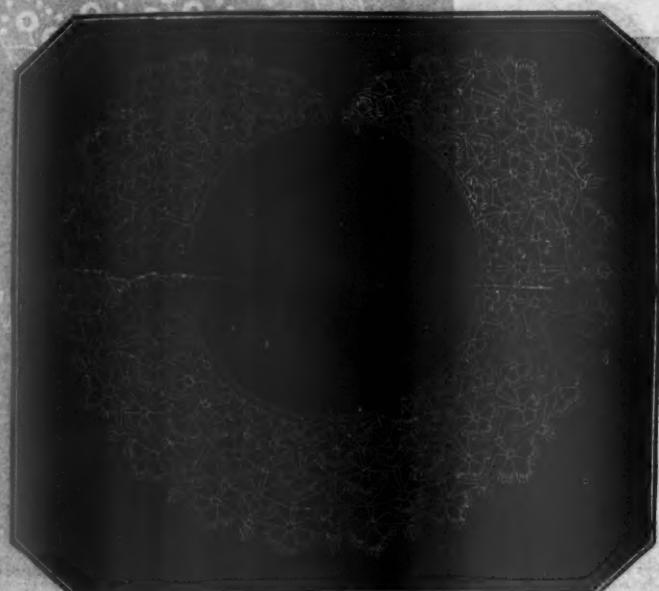
COLLAR.



HARLEQUIN WATCH POCKET.



INFANT'S SHIRT.



CROCHET COLLAR—POINT D' EGLANTIER



SECTION OF COLLAR.

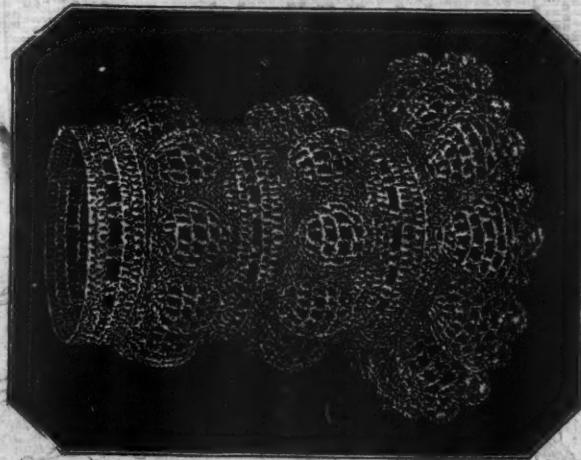


COIFFURE.

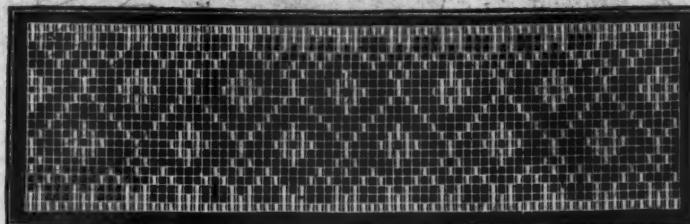
Of point applique; a beautiful design of roses, buds and leaves, mingled with arabesque. It is pointed on the top of the head and at the back, with long flowing tabs confined on the left side with a bow and ends of pink velvet ribbon, while the right side is finished with clusters of pink velvet bows, dotted with a deeper shade of the same color.



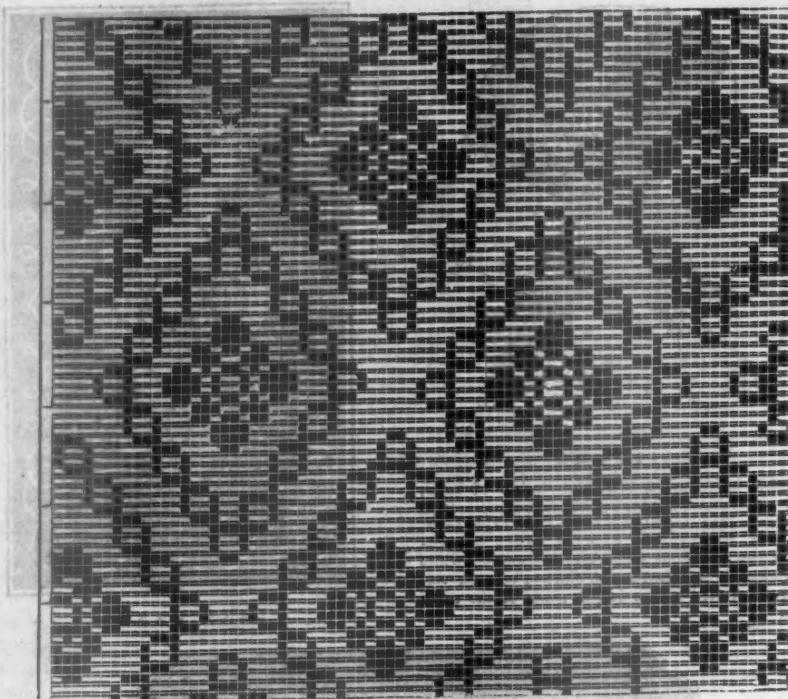
CIGAR CASE



MANCHETTE



CROCHET EDGING.

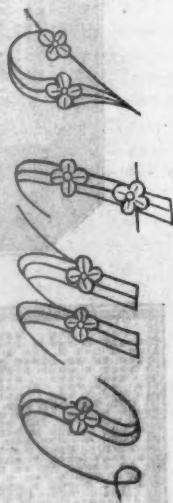


CROCHET PATTERN.



MORNING CAP

LETTERS FOR MARKING.



REINHOLD THOMAS